HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 63.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

I. FRENCH COURT FASHIONS, WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.
II. EDITORIALS.
III. THE LOUNGER.
IV. TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS, WITH TWO FINE ILLUSTRATIONS.
V. THE APPROACH TO CANTON, WITH A PORTRAIT OF YEH AND A MAP.
VI. LITERARY.
VII. DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.
VIII. FOREIGN NEWS.
IX. SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WITH TWO SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS.
X. TEA-PARTY POLITICS.
XI. BULWER'S STORY, "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—*Continued.*
XII. THE TEST.
XIII. THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID'S LIFE.
XIV. THE LATE COMMODORE PERRY, WITH PORTRAIT.
XV. THE REVENUE CUTTER "HARRIET LANE," WITH A FINE ILLUSTRATION.
XVI. MISCELLANY.
XVII. THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.
XVIII. MARKET AND FINANCIAL REPORTS.
XIX. COMICALITIES.

FRENCH COURT FASHIONS.

THE picture given below represents two grand ladies of the Court of France in the costume which they are now obliged to wear on great occasions. The most prominent figure, it will be noticed, wears a court train.

So far as can be ascertained with certainty, the train or cloak came into fashion as an article of court dress after the hoop, some hundred and fifty years ago. The hooped skirt was considered so becoming that the ladies were quite willing to adventure further novelties in the same direction; and accordingly the skirt was made much longer behind than in front, and dragged for some length on the floor. The satirists of the day, who had broken many a lance with the hoops, naturally fell foul of trains. One of them says (A.D. 1761): "A lady's quality and fashion are now reckoned not by the circumference of her hoop, but by the length of her tail." Some of the "tails," he adds, should be carried in a wheel-barrow. It is not stated that any lady adopted this benevolent suggestion, and was followed by a wheel-barrow into the royal presence; but the length of fashionable trains and the weight of their material soon became an insupportable burden, and pages were employed to carry them. We have all seen pictures of noble ladies followed by one or two pages bearing the hinder portion of their skirts. In muddy weather, the fashion might be beneficially adopted in our New York streets.

Under the first French empire the train was brought into fashion, together with other usages of the old monarchical court. Napoleon's court was famous for its trains and for the expense which they involved. His nephew, who copies him wherever it can safely be done, has resuscitated the fashion, and trains once more sweep the floors of the reception-rooms at the Tuileries.

They are no longer, however, mere appendages to the skirt. They form part of a mantle which hangs from the shoulders, and does not interfere with the rest of the dress. They are of different material from the basque and skirt proper, and in contrast with them. The lady whose dress is depictured below wore, at the last reception at the Tuileries, a mantle or train of light blue velvet, with a border of pearls and white feathers. Her skirt was white moire antique, with a *volant* of the finest *point d'Alençon;* the body of the dress and the sleeves were of blue velvet, like the train, trimmed with tiny pearls and feathers. Her head-dress was

COSTUMES OF THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

a diadem of fine pearls and *turquoises*, with what a sailor would call streamers of lace. The handkerchief was of the finest lace, and the fan a *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship—seemingly a tissue of light blue and white plumes.

Another lady on the same occasion wore a train of moire antique, green and gold; it was trimmed with "*bouillonnés*" of white satin gathered together with green and gold silk. The skirt was white *tulle illusion* with gold "stars;" and the *berthe* was likewise white and gold. This lady, who is the wife of a famous embassador, wore no jewels but diamonds.

A third, a very young lady, the Countess of——, wore a train of crimson satin, wholly covered with the richest lace, and trimmed with a garland of *fleurs de grenade*. Her dress was white satin, with lace *volants*; she wore no jewels but rubies.

From these three toilets some idea may be formed of the magnificent show which the French Imperial Court must make. At the reception of which we have been speaking there were no less than three hundred ladies present, all in trains.

The expense of these gorgeous toilets is, of course, enormous. From facts elicited in the course of a recent lawsuit at Paris, it would appear that a lady who goes to the Imperial Court can hardly dress herself on less than twenty thousand dollars a year, and this presumes a stock of jewelry already on hand. At a recent ball at the Tuileries the wife of a prominent banker wore $150,000 of jewelry; and her whole costume, including lace, etc., cost but little short of $175,000. The interest of the money spent on her dress would have exceeded $10,000 a year. When the French Court goes to the country we are informed that each lady is expected to appear in three toilets each day, and that never during her stay at Court is she to wear the same dress twice. It is a proof of Imperial wisdom. The greater the extravagance of the Court, the more the work for the mechanic; if the courtiers can not pay their bills, so much the worse for them. To encourage sumptuous living and extravagance is, indeed, Louis Napoleon's fixed purpose. He recently appointed one of the most learned men of France to be senator. On his calling at the Tuileries a few days afterward, the Emperor noticed from the window that he had actually walked to the palace.

"Mon cher," said he, "where is your carriage?"

"Your Majesty is aware that I am poor; I can not afford to keep a carriage."

"Then you had better make money as fast as you can. If you can not keep a carriage, I fear that you will find the Senate too expensive for you."

The honest man instantly tendered his resignation, which was duly accepted.

Not many months since, the darling aim of a countryman of ours—the object on which his hopes had been set up for years—was realized; he was presented at the French Court. His wife had been as ardent as he; and now that their wishes were to be gratified, she patriotically resolved to represent the ladies of the United States in a manner worthy of them. By dint of some little inquiry she obtained some inkling of the costume to be worn by the leading belles of the Court. With the aid of the most experienced dressmaker of Paris she composed a toilet more brilliant and dazzling than any. How many poor women were worked to death on it, and what it cost, no one knows; but it is generally understood that the lady's husband spent for that ball so much money that, from being a wealthy man, he has now a bare subsistence, and has been obliged to give up society. His wife carried her point, however; all accounts concur in stating that she was the best-dressed woman at the palace.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 13, 1858.

OUGHT THE UNITED STATES TO INTERVENE IN MEXICO?

Ex-President Comonfort, whose portrait we gave in a late number of this journal, has arrived at Washington, and is freely discussing with his friends in this country the events which have led to his temporary exile from Mexico. The flagrant injustice which his opponents are committing, both to their own countrymen and to foreigners, has supplied him already with an attentive and sympathetic audience. And many are inquiring already whether we can not do something more than merely look on and wonder?

The doctrine of non-intervention, which has only formed part of European political systems within the past quarter of a century, was recognized by the United States from the origin of the confederacy. There never has been a party in this country which has claimed that we had a right to interfere in the local affairs of our neighbors, or even to pronounce opinions upon the policy they chose to pursue in the administration of their public business. Despotism in Cuba, negro democracy in Hayti, emancipation in Jamaica, have never been classed among the subjects which fell within the scope of our official attention. It has been the policy of the United States to recognize whatever *de facto* governments were established in the various states of this continent, and to hold no further intercourse with any of them than our own immediate interests required.

At the same time, it can not be disguised that we can, and ought, as the leading power in the Western World, to exercise a commanding influence, by the force of our example and public sentiment, over the affairs of all the states of the continent of America. For more than a quarter of a century we have held that no European government should be suffered to colonize or acquire new territory in America; simply because a wise foresight warned us against the danger of jeopardizing that influence, or risking the commanding position which accident had conferred upon us. The questions now arise—is this a crisis which calls for a display of our influence? and, how should that influence be exerted?

It seems to be pretty well understood that President Comonfort was overthrown by the clergy of Mexico. He, in common with his predecessors, had tried to govern independently of the Church. Finding that impossible, from the ambition and power and wealth of the Church, he pursued the next best course; he undertook to reduce the clergy to submission by the secularization of their revenues. Here he was met by ecclesiastical intrigue, fomenting sedition, and hiring conspirators; and in the contest he was worsted. Priests appear to have headed his adversaries wherever they have made successful demonstrations. The first necessities of the new Government were supplied by a loan of a million of dollars from the revenues of the Church. The net consequences of the revolution to us are, increased insecurity of life and property in Mexico; the suspension, for a time, of all negotiations and projects for an interoceanic route across that country; the re-establishment, on our borders, of anarchy, confusion, and civil war.

We have a direct, tangible interest in the establishment of stable government in Mexico. So long as revolution continues to be chronic in that country our commercial relations with the Mexicans must be unduly depressed, the money which citizens of the United States have invested there in various enterprises must be jeopardized, and an unwholesome example of sedition and turbulence must be set to our Southern people. We are, moreover, deprived, by these political disturbances, of the use of the shortest interoceanic route to California.

Clearly, therefore, this is an occasion on which a display of the influence of the United States on the side of peace and order would be beneficial to ourselves as well as helpful to Mexico. How could it be exerted? The notion of a crusading army of volunteers to restore Comonfort seems to have met with but little favor. Is the Executive wholly powerless to move in the matter? Have we no rights which Mr. Forsyth might be directed to enforce? Are Great Britain and Spain the only powers which can dictate to Mexico?

THE DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

On 19th ult. Lord Palmerston was defeated by the Opposition in the British Parliament on an incidental question growing out of the recent demand of the French Government for an alteration in the law of England on the subject of murder. The actual point raised, and, for the matter of that, Lord Palmerston's bill itself, were practically of but little consequence, and had but slight bearing on the vote. The idea of the House of Commons was, that the Emperor of the French was attempting to dictate to Parliament, and that the Ministry were submitting to his dictation. His Imperial Majesty will learn from the vote that there is still one country in Europe which he can not subject to his despotism.

The event does honor to the English. It proves that, closely as they are allied with the French, and much as they must value peace, they are still more closely allied with manhood, and they value their independence more. It proves that the time has not yet come when the United States shall be the only country in the world where political exiles can find a safe asylum. It administers to the Emperor a wholesome rebuke for the senseless acts of tyranny of which he has lately been guilty, and for the indiscretion with which he has suffered the officers of his army to assail England.

It is likely that the vote may be followed by some talk of hostilities, or at least of angry feelings between the two countries. But no apprehension of serious trouble need be entertained. The Emperor of the French knows well that a rupture with Great Britain would be as fatal to him as it was to his uncle; that he could not avert a revolution for thirty days after a declaration of war against England; and that whatever the upshot of such a war might be, so far as national interests were concerned, it is quite certain that it would be fatal to his dynasty. Whatever vaporing among the noisy placemen or the ambitious soldiery of the empire may follow the announcement of the vote in Parliament, it may be taken for granted that reflection will convince the Emperor of the wisdom of accepting the rebuff with becoming placidity and resignation. The arrest of Barnard, and the reward offered for the stock-broker Alsop, are very fair evidence of the sincerity of the English professions of regard for his government; he will content himself with them, and the *Moniteur* will probably not hear of the vote of the 19th February.

There is another point of view in which that vote deserves to be regarded. Though the actual question at issue involved none of the party doctrines which divide British politicians, it will be noticed that the leaders of the opposition to the Ministry were the chiefs of the Radical party—Roebuck, Milner Gibson, Kinglake, etc. This is the second occasion within twelve months on which the Radicals have defeated the Government. They seem to have gained strength since they broke down Lord Palmerston's former administration on the Chinese question. They can now rely, it seems, upon a working majority in Parliament. Under the circumstances, it would be only natural for them to expect and to insist upon the proper fruits of their success—the resignation of Lord Palmerston, and the installation of a Radical cabinet in his place.

England has never been governed by Radicals. The Radical theory, indeed, is so thoroughly republican, that a government of Radicals would be almost tantamount to a constructive abolition of the existing oligarchy. A Radical government would, at least, endeavor to establish universal suffrage, vote by ballot, biennial parliaments, and other democratic institutions. How the aristocratic system of England would stand such enormities, remains to be seen.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW.

Senator Toombs, from the Judiciary Committee in Congress, is about to report a bill to carry out the President's suggestion for a general compulsory bankrupt law. Under this law the unsatisfied creditor of an individual or a corporation would be enabled to force his debtor into bankruptcy and call for a sale of his property. Mr. Buchanan only suggested such a law for the case of railway and banking corporations; the Committee seem to think that individuals ought not to be exempted from its scope.

It is not likely that Congress will adopt any such law. The general tenor of our legislation with regard to debt may be described as favoring the debtor exclusively. We have, practically, but few laws for the collection of debts. A case can hardly be imagined in which a fraudulent debtor may not, if he choose, defraud his creditor. A man may incur any amount of debt, may live in Fifth Avenue in the very best style, and may set his creditors utterly at defiance. It is so well understood that a recourse to law for the collection of debts is uncertain and unreliable that many of our shrewdest men of business make a rule rather to submit to loss than engage in litigation.

The principle which underlies this apparent failure of the law is very simple. It is that, while the uncertainty of the law of debt is calculated to suggest caution and prudence in the extension of credit, the license granted to debtors is likely to promote enterprise. It is tacitly agreed that those who choose to trust their neighbors must rely on their honor and self-interest for repayment. And, as a general rule, the plan must be admitted to work well.

Nor is it easy to perceive any remarkable merit in the theory of a bankruptcy law for corporations. What benefit the country would derive from breaking banks or railways one is at a loss to imagine. No one is obliged to trust these concerns. When they are in danger of insolvency the public are not left in ignorance of the fact. It is notorious that they can not obtain money at any thing like the price at which it is within the reach of individuals. Those who lend to them do so with a full knowledge of the risk, and charge accordingly. Why should the law interfere for their protection? And wherein should we be gainers if all our banks to-day were in the hands of receivers, as they would have been if the Banking Act had been strictly carried out in October last?

A HIGHER LAW.

By the written law of this State it is murder to shoot a man; but in fact one may shoot one's neighbor under certain circumstances without incurring any penalty. Last week a father and son were indicted for shooting (it was uncertain which of the two fired the shot) an individual who had seduced the daughter of the one and the sister of the other; the jury found a verdict of guilty of assault only, and the judge suspended judgment.

This is strictly in accordance with public sentiment not only here but abroad. The old common law justified the homicide of the adulterer by the injured husband, if the parties were detected in flagrant criminality. Modern sentiment has enlarged the license of husbands and fathers. It is perfectly well settled at the present day that the seducer of an innocent girl or the paramour of a wife may be shot by the relatives of the one or the other. Grand juries will seldom find bills against the avengers of female wrongs; and petty juries will invariably contrive to screen them, if arraigned, from the consequences of the act.

In a certain point of view it is to be regretted that so fearful a power should be granted to angry men. The theory of civilized society is that the law monopolizes the duty of vengeance, and that no man shall take the law into his own hands.

But the uncertainties of the law, and its glaring maladministration in these latter days, have tended to discredit this ancient principle. In this State, for example, the man who trusts to the avenging arm of the law is very likely to be disappointed. Therefore it is that, without any legislative action and without any general expression of opinion, public sentiment has quietly settled the point that seduction will justify homicide by the best friend of the party seduced.

If the fact is to be regretted in one point of view, in any other it has its advantages. No one has lived in any of our large cities without remarking the dangers to which a large portion of the female population are exposed. There is no country in the world where the rules of society expose young girls to so much risk as they encounter here. When it is well understood by our gay young men that they can not give the rein to their passions save at the risk of their lives, female honor can not fail to be safer.

THE STOCK-JOBBING EXCITEMENT.

There is a movement at Albany to bring some laws to bear on the prevailing excitement in stocks in Wall Street. Our Legislature must be in a bad way if it can find no better use than this to make of the few remaining days of its corporate existence. More laws against stock-jobbing would merely add to the long list of dead-letter statutes without doing any good to any body.

There are certain practices and propensities which may be regulated but which can not be repressed altogether. One of these is stock-jobbing. When money can not be used in any quantity at over five per cent., and stocks paying six, and eight, and ten per cent. dividend can be bought under par—as is the case at the present time in New York—you might just as well attempt to legislate people out of eating or drinking as try to prevent capitalists from using their money in the purchase of stocks. It is gambling, no doubt, in one sense; just as time-purchases of breadstuffs, cotton, sugar, and dry goods are gambling; but all the laws in the world will not prevent it, and all the time which the Legislature spends in discussing the subject is time lost.

There is, perhaps, one sensible change which might be made in the law. Once or twice in almost every year, the abundance of money and the temporary dullness of trade drive rich men into the stock market, and a stock-jobbing excitement is created. On these occasions an average of 20,000 to 30,000 shares of stock, representing a money value of say $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 changes hands, or is supposed to change hands, every day. Even in ordinary times, the aggregate daily contracts will amount to one-half these sums. There is no reason why a handsome tax should not be laid on these operations. As it is, this stock-jobbing business is almost the only trade which does not pay its share to the support of the State Government. Abroad, stock-jobbing yields a handsome revenue to the government under which it exists; why should it not be made to do so here?

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

It seems that while the eyes of Northern politicians have been steadily fixed on Kansas the practical men of the South have been quietly increasing their stock of negroes by vigorous importations from Africa. At least such is the statement of the New Orleans *Delta*, which journal avers that the plantations of Mississippi and other Southern sea-board States are plentifully supplied with negroes fresh from Africa. The story derives a plausibility from the bill which has just passed the Assembly of Louisiana for the importation of negro apprentices from Africa, and from the agitation which has existed for two or three years in South Carolina, Tennessee, and one or two other Southern States, in favor of the reopening of the slave-trade. It is a pity that some one does not suggest some practical means by which the difficulties which now impede the acquisition of labor by the South could be overcome. All admit, and the steady increase in the value of negroes proves, that the great want of the South is labor. If in the North our supply of foreign labor were suddenly cut off, the country would receive a shock in comparison with which the late revulsion would seem utterly insignificant. Yet the natural increase of our laboring population is greater than that of the negroes.

THE LOUNGER.

LENT.

"Is this a fast to keep
The larder clean?"

asked the Reverend Robert Herrick, whose works, both dirty and divine, are not unfamiliar to many readers. The reverend gentleman leads off in a lyric of delightful defiance, as if he were himself the willing victim of an eternal Lent, and carnal morsels had lost all relish for him. Let us hope they had, and that his face belied him, or that his portrait belies his face. English literature owes him some of its loveliest verses.

It is fortunate he did not live a couple of cen-

turies or so later, for to what use would he have put his censure now? Lent, as the Lounger is assured, and however Herrick may have found it in the England of his day, has set in with great rigor. Balls are now limited to one hundred and fifty invitations, three pieces of music, and a general understanding that people are to go away as soon after twelve as practicable. Nor is this, by any means, all. They are not called balls, but a "few friends," or "pass the evening," or some other equally Lenten term. Besides these observances there are already speculations about Easter bonnets, and the future of flounces—that ever-interesting question to the fair.

The Opera, too, lends its solemnity to the season. The lugubrious La Grange and pensive Formes combine to deepen the humility that repairs, in sad, gray toilet, to the scene. The other evening an instance of profound and most edifying mortification was witnessed. A young gentleman who having, in common with many of the race at the Opera, nothing to say, undertook to say it to a lovely neighbor audibly, during one of the sweetest cavatinas of the prima donna. An old gentleman sitting near, who was truly fond of music and was excessively annoyed by the tattle, turned suddenly upon the buzzing youth and said, sharply, "Sir, if you can't drink, is it any reason you should dirty the water so that nobody else can?"

It was a very Lenten moment for the youth, who, after a moment's confusion, surveyed his elderly neighbor through his lorgnette. It was evident that he was wondering why any body who wished to hear music should come to the Opera. But although he was a downy-chinned "man of the world," and smiled with a tolerably successful contempt upon the old gentleman, he blushed all the time until his cheek was scarlet.

Besides the Opera and the razeed balls, fish on Fridays with egg sauce, previous to the mutton, is another marked characteristic in the observance of Lent. It is attended with the best results, if followed by Champagne and a cigar at proper intervals.

In truth, the reality of the fast, the sincere contrition with which the city is walking in sackcloth and sitting in ashes for its sins, the profound self-abasement with which we all go about our business, is refreshing and full of bright augury. Miss Nelly Lancer writes to say that she is out every day at church by half past eight, and considering that she does not fairly go to sleep, after "passing the evening," until three o'clock in the morning, the Lounger can readily believe that it is a genuine penance. But it is not so much of a penance, perhaps, to her revered uncle, who, coming home tired from his office and asking in a kind of despair, after dinner, "My dear, are we going any where tonight?" hears from his wife, "Why, no, my dear, not every night in the week. Last night we were at Mrs. Bobs, and to-morrow to Mrs. Dobs, you know; and we have our religious duties, for it's Lent, you know." "Is it?" replies the revered uncle, as he covers his head with the newspaper and leans back with a sigh of satisfaction, "Thank Golly, it's Lent!"

IN REPLY TO KATE'S BASKET OF FLOWERS.

BY KATE KNOWS WHO.

WORDS to one's thoughts resemblance bear
Of shadows to the silvery clouds,
Which only touch the mountain-tops
When sailing through the vault of air.

But clouds dissolve, in darken'd hours,
In dew descending from the skies,
To moisten with its pearly tears
The plants and fragrant lips of flowers.

Not in the jewel wealth of mines,
Nor wand'ring on starry flights of stairs—
In simplest things the tender thought
Its simplest, fitting emblem finds.

Bless, then, the soft, mysterious power,
Breathing in blossoms words of love;
That flushes in its modest bud,
But blooms a fragrant milk-white flower!

GRATIFYING INTELLIGENCE.

IT is a matter of great satisfaction to the Lounger, as it will be to every person (*other* person, if any reader desires) of well-regulated mind, to know that the eminent banker, Solomon Gunnybags, having cleared three hundred and fifty thousand dollars by a fortunate operation at the Stock Exchange, cherishes the intention of retiring from business at once, upon the remembrance of a well-spent life, and has accepted the honorary Presidency of the National Anti-Gambling Society. It is an interesting fact that his contribution of five dollars to the funds of the Society was from the first payment in the operation above mentioned. As a matter of private interest, and yet also of public importance—for it is a shining example to all parents—the Lounger is permitted to state that Mr. Gunnybags has forbidden his son to visiting Nos. — and — Broadway, known as gaming-houses, under penalty of his severe displeasure. It is even more gratifying to know that, despite his remarkable pecuniary success, Mr. Gunnybags still respects the claims of religion; and every day, at the expiration of the hour at the Stock Exchange, where his business relations still occupy him, he hastens to offer a prayer in some one of the churches now daily open.

The value of such an example can not be overestimated. It is computed that he was already worth half a million. Such facts make us prouder of our common nature.

"A NEGLECTED AUTHOR" UPON WOMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT, as above, writes to the Lounger that he constantly observes "silly communications" in this department of the *Weekly*, and therefore concludes that the Lounger is just the man for his purposes, and so sends him an article. The correspondent observes that he does not regard his own efforts as "silly," but publishers probably do, for he can never get them printed; adding that when he receives the rejected manuscript back again, "I read Addison and Goldsmith, and then my own production, and calmly and dispassionately decide that mine are the best." He is pleased to say that he "considers" the Lounger's articles as good as his own; and insists upon seeing either his letter or his "production" in print. "Nobody will object to it, if it does contain neither wit nor wisdom. People like to see human nature under all aspects."

People shall be satisfied, then, for once, and see what it is that publishers will not print. *Fiat Justitia*, whoever falls.

ON WOMAN.

"I recollect to have seen, in some slang dictionary, the definition of woman given as 'a mystery,' and I think it the best definition that can be given. The ardent lover is apt to consider his mistress as the greatest blessing that has survived the fall; if you tell him that, in the same manner as the earth, since that catastrophe brings forth only briars and thistles, without the labor of man, so the heart spontaneously produces only evil weeds, he will tell you of fair flowers, away in the forest where the foot of man has never trod; of the spontaneous fruits of the Torrid zone, that are brought to maturity by a principle analogous to the lovers' flame—fruits that all the care of man can not make to grow in the Temperate zone of indifference or the Frigid one of the woman-hater.

"So the favored lover will talk, while the jilted suitor declares that since Eve was tempted by Satan and Adam by Eve, the women have been possessed of the devil and the men of the women, which he avers to be the rationale of the depravity that has always obtained in the world. Amidst this conflicting testimony I am somewhat at a loss. I agree with the first, that woman may sometimes promote virtue. It is no hard matter to obey the divine injunction—return a kiss for a blow—when a pretty woman is the agressor; but, on the other hand, she seems to inherit something of the nature of the serpent, whose beautiful colors all admire, but whom the bitten are careful to avoid.

"It has frequently been denied that a woman has a heart, but it is probable that as it is generally some crusty old bachelor who makes the assertion, that he derives his opinion more from the fact that he has been all his lifetime in search of a lady's heart without finding one, than any thing else. We have no right to consider ourselves a wind and woman an ocean, to be stirred up and set in commotion whenever we are pleased to come sighing along; but we have some reason to liken her to a sea, moved by some mysterious and inconstant wind to make sad shipwreck of some honest heart that has ventured out upon their smiling favor. A peculiar, qualmish, chilling sensation is communicated to the ardent heart of a youth when the pretty lips that have just been wreathed up in a bewitching smile utter some cruel jest at his expense, and the soft hand that he has just been pressing waves his departure. The poor fellow certainly deserves some pity; but he must learn not to attempt to overleap the commonplace levels of life at one bound by the aid of a hollow reed.

"A good-humored friend of mine, who had often been jilted, used to console himself with saying that a fire was bright and sparkling, and did it not burn when we thrust our finger in? Even wise men might be persuaded that they might be bound and thrown in to their advantage. A benighted world will doubtless repudiate this simile of my friend, but many will confess a wife frequently makes the house too hot for one. I do not intend to quarrel with the sentiment that 'a good wife is the best gift of God,' but I would humbly suggest that a good wife, like pearls, derives her great value from her rarity. It has never been so great a mystery to me that men should praise and swallow this sparkling glass of Champagne, a woman, as that any should be found possessed of sufficient strength of mind to resist the temptation.

"I have always wondered at the spirit of prophecy that must have inspired the first man, when his mate stood before him in all her blooming beauty, to call her wo-man. She was indeed a woe to man—the *Eve* of his Paradisiacal day. Such was the first woman; and what is she now? A barrel of gunpowder that Hymen's torch is sure to explode. She has been called an angel without wings. I say she is the wings without the angel—the wings that are ever ready to help a man fly into a passion. I have studied the character of woman in all its aspects, and she is indeed a 'mystery,' yea, an anomaly in creation. I don't know that there is another thing on earth but is of some benefit; but she is 'evil, and that continually.' The most probable conclusion regarding her to which I can come is, that she is a man-trap set by the devil to make poor souls commit suicide. It is a device worthy of the Prince of Darkness himself; the bait is so temptingly laid that the poor fools who can't get in are as likely to kill themselves of despair as those who are caught, from the insupportable nature of their situation."

"The following is the history of the foregoing Essay. I obtained it from a fat and merry old tavern-keeper, who informed me that it was the production of a very quiet young man, who, with his wife, a pale-faced, fiery-eyed, and extremely nervous lady, boarded with him a short time. One evening the inmates of the inn were startled by a terrible uproar in the quiet gentleman's and nervous lady's room. The landlord instantly repaired to the spot, and found the noise was caused by the lady, who was giving her husband a terrible shaking. She had torn off his coat-collar and both his ears, and was then with one hand hold of his nose and the other in his mouth, pulling, dragging, and tearing this way and that, like a very fury. Our host attempted to interfere, but was instantly knocked down and trodden under foot by the two belligerents. When he recovered his consciousness the very flesh was completely shaken from both of them; but her skeleton was still shaking his; every bone was in play; and it was two days before they could be sufficiently quieted to be buried. Soon after this the famous spiritual rappings were first heard, and our host could never be made to acknowledge any other cause for them than this woman's rage. He always insisted that she was shaking her husband's bones in the other world. The only cause for this terrible fray that could be surmised was the preceding Essay, which was found on the table, rumpled and torn by the lady before she had turned to finish her rage upon its unfortunate author. My wife remarks that it served him right."

FESTUS.

SOMEBODY in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, writes to know something about the author of "Festus"—Mr. Philip James Bailey—saying, "I am an admirer of the poetry in 'Festus;' the irreverent bombast and the attempted profundities of portions of that remarkable production can not be called poetry."

Well, there are poems and poems. Parts of "Festus" seem irreverent and shallow to the Lounger's correspondent; while to the Lounger himself the shallowest and most blasphemous poem in the language is Mr. Robert Pollok's "Course of Time;" a poem generally held in fair repute, and not forbidden to youth. The truth is, that it is just as foolish to decry "Festus" and extol "The Course of Time," which is a very favorite fashion, as it is to denounce "Tom Jones" and devour "Paul Clifford."

There is very little to say personally about the author of "Festus." His name is Philip James Bailey, son of the proprietor of the Nottingham *Mercury*, in England, and he was born in 1816. In 1839 he published "Festus," and some years afterward "The Angel World;" and in 1855, "The Mystic," which sets out thus:

"Who holds not life more yearful than the hours
Since first into this world he wept his way,
Erreth much, may be;"

and continues even "more so," as the jeerer saith. Mr. Bailey is at the bar, but never practiced, and now receives a pension of £20 a year from the English Government.

THE HOGESS.

THE Lounger's efforts to arouse that large class of his fellow-citizens, the Hogs, to a sense of decency, are rewarded by the smiles of the Muses. Let us not weary of well-doing. Let us all continue to make a great effort to extort a "Thank you!" out of the female mouth when a seat is surrendered, and to shame the male who occupies two seats when he has paid for but one, and while other passengers are standing, seatless, in the aisles. So long, therefore, as any are seatless,

"Once more unto the breach, good friends, once more!"

A delicate hand sends us a poem to help on the happy day.

THE HOGESS.

We reach another station,
The car is full of men,
When lo! a lady enters
About as big as ten.

Without a single murmur
We rise upon our feet,
And each politely proffers
To give her up his seat.

But with majestic motion,
As if 't belonged to her,
She sinks upon *my* cushion
Without a "*Thank you, Sir!*"

Now, "by the great Eternal!"
If it should ever hap
That I must seat another,
I'll hold her in my lap!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MR. RICHARD TIGHT GRIP writes from Pearl Street that he is not quite sure whether he should say Mr. or Miss Lounger, "so soft as you seem to be," and complains of ladies who come to his office to beg. He begs them to stay away.

"I am bored to death with these charity-mongers. One woman—I'll not call her a lady, for no lady has any business out of her husband's drawing-room and carriage (I keep my carriage)—had the brass to come to me the other day—I am telling the truth, 'pon honor—and ask me to subscribe to a Magdalen Asylum!!! Wasn't that rich? And she didn't blush too! but looked as innocent and smiling as a young dove. But I gave her her answer. I chuckled over it the whole afternoon. 'Madam,' says I, 'I believe the State supports the *Prisons*. I have not heard that it has become insolvent, and I hold some of its bonds.' You should have seen the curl on her lip when she got my answer. 'Good-day, Sir,' she said; 'I do indeed pity you.' Ah ha! wasn't that rich? Why I made a cool thousand that very morning by a speculation in pork, and she said she pitied me!!"

"PHILADELPHIA.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—When I was much younger than I am now and going to school, there came a great event in child-life. I was to be promoted to enter a higher department. Now I was very thoughtful because of the new master I must go to, and considered me how that I might please and gain his esteem; so I decided I would talk very nicely, which I did; but the larger scholars laughed at me, and I observed even the master smiled. I returned to my home that evening and was very sad; so much so, that they spoke to me of it, and I told them that I had been to school only once, and the teacher had reproved me. Then I turned away from them and cried. But I am not going to cry this time, notwithstanding that the Lounger has blown out in this way, neither will I be angry, for kind words have turned my wrath away. But you are aware, dear Lounger, that I am much younger than you, and young persons are sometimes very enthusiastic; you will observe also that I have been practicing in a school which gives me a canvas full of subject and a pallet of strong and brilliant colors. Now I will lay aside my gaudy pallet, wash my brushes, and take up the soft gray tints of the Lounger School, and with time and practice, trust I may be enabled to *paint*, occasionally, a pleasing, simple *picture*. Before parting with my Lounging friend, however, I will quote a passage from one of the poets whose productions I've been reading since entering the new school, wherein I am persuaded there is some simplicity. He says:

"'If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience, why not you?
Only keep the rule in view,
Try, try again.'"

V. DE V.

—There was an old gentleman, V. DE V., who had many young friends, and who loved them all. They constantly brought new ones into the old gentleman's circle, and if he noticed that the new friend thought he knew any thing especially well, he gave him very earnest advice upon that point. Generally the youths were wrathy, and "hoped if they wanted instruction it was not upon *that* subject." But whenever any one of them listened attentively and confessed that there might be something in what the old man said, he smiled and answered, "My dear, that may or may not be; but you'll come to something because you can take advice."

—LOUNGER, JUN., writes from Nashville, Tennessee, to "strengthen the hands" of the Lounger in speaking of Thackeray's Washington, and another friend, J. B. K., also from Tennessee, writes about the same matter. For the present, however, there seems to be nothing farther to say upon the subject. But there is certainly something exquisitely ludicrous in the objections that have been made to the portrait, if we except the dueling. Let it rest. Thackeray can take good care of himself and his heroes and his critics.

—NELLIE writes from the "City of Hogs," as she says some profane poet calls Cincinnati, and incloses also, as a quotation from the same source, the following lines:

"Though fine in their jigs
Are the Boston pigs,
And the Philadelphia porkers;
The Ohio swine
Are far more divine
Than even the big New Yorkers."

—ENNA LINDEN's "bunch of wild flowers" is sweet, but hardly enough so to ask the public to smell them.

—MR. ARTHUR HOPEFUL is emboldened by Mr. Tom Desperate's success in laying his complaint before the public to hope he may be heard in praise of his Dulcinea, his Leonore. But he must remember that contentment is not piquant. People are glad to know you are happy—spite of the witty Frenchman—but they don't want to hear about it. There is one picture in his letter which is worth hanging in the chambers of reflection to which all young ladies retire at this Lenten season:

"The other day, as I was walking in the upper part of the city—a violent headache preventing my attendance at business—I was attracted by the singing of children into a school-room. It was a pleasant sight, Mr. Lounger, a hundred little ones snatched from vice and misery, having their feet clad, their hunger satisfied, and their voices trained—now when they can be trained—to sweetness and purity. As I looked around me with delighted eyes—though I felt that I, whose life had been so fruitless, had no right to stand in the presence of these angels of mercy, whose daily life is 'a sermon on the mount'—I was surprised to see Leonore seated in a corner, with a dozen of little ones clustered affectionately around her, while one, a delicate little creature, was seated on her knee. What a world of kindness, of sympathy, of Christian charity, beamed from her sweet eyes, falling on the faces of the happy children, which reflected brightly its saintly light! I never felt so strongly before how utterly unworthy I was of her. The shadows of my past life never looked so dark as then. May I be able to keep the vow I then silently and solemnly made!"

"MY three-year-old bull 'Bonaparte' was brought up a pet, for his unsurpassed comeliness, being dressed in a remarkable garb of a suit almost white, bordering on a pale cream. He was devoid of any vicious or bully propensities, but as busy in mischief as a monkey. His size at the time of this occurrence was medium, weighing about 1200 pounds. I had frequently found my gentleman up in the second story of my carriage-house and horse-stable, which was accessible by a stairway, very steep, two and a half feet wide, and fourteen feet from the ground, which he would travel up and down with as much ease as a large dog would; in fact, he had a propensity to climbing.

"But I was dumfounded one morning when I came into the barn-yard and found Boney mounted in a large, old-fashioned spring-wagon, which was unusually high from the ground, the top of the box a very little short of six feet; the tail-board was up, and there he stood composedly, and busy eating some loose corn, as we had been hauling corn from the field the day before. My Irishman appeared to be about his usual work, taking no notice of Boney any more than if he had been in his stall. But upon questioning Pat closely, I found that Boney had spent the night in a corn-crib, before which the wagon was backed, and, as was usually the case on such occasions, Boney expected some of his deserts, which Pat was never loth to administer with a pitchfork. So Boney's business was to make his escape in the shortest possible way and time, and being in a great hurry when Pat, whom he had been waiting for, made his appearance, he sprang by him, and as the wagon occupied most of the door-way, he jumped into it; when his roguish enemy shut up the tail-board, and wheeled my gentleman into the middle of the yard, in durance, to await a deliberate decision which was to award him his punishment. Boney, after surveying and learning the state of things, like a true philosopher improved the intervening moments to enjoy the balance of the corn. When I came on the ground, I did not notice Pat following behind with pitchfork in hand, which fact Boney construed into an intent to execute the penalty, when, in his bold manner, he leaped from the wagon and made a hasty escape.

"A fact in the experience of your devoted friend,
"A LONG ISLAND FARMER."

—LILLY lives "out of the world into Canada." But the cold of Canada does not get into her heart, and she sings this little song under the Lounger's window:

TO DEAR MR. LOUNGER:

"I wish I were a little bird
That could face wild wintry weather,
I know where I would fly just now,
And wait and watch together.

"I'd fly, with all my little might,
Straight off to your great city,
And light upon your window-sill,
And sing my sweetest ditty.

"And then, when you would turn around
To spy the saucy stranger,
I'd take a sly peep in your face—
This prying little ranger.

"And when I'd looked about enough,
Back to my forest dwelling
I'd fly, and to my woodland mates
Such tales as I'd be telling!"

—X. Y. Z. inquires, from Ridgely, Missouri, "Why do forty feet of round timber, or fifty feet of hewn timber, make a ton?" Upon this grave question the Lounger, properly distrusting his own skill in the matter, has taken the ablest advice, and the result he is most happy to impart to his correspondent. The *ton* in question is not a matter of *weight*, but of *measurement*, as in the tonnage of ships. A ton measurement is always forty cubic feet, and you can get, of course, more of hewn than of round timber into the same space, because the hewn stows closer than the round. This has a very wise sound, and the Lounger humbly hopes it will satisfy the intelligent curiosity of his correspondent.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXIX.

Hoisting in the Horses.—The Sea of Cilicia and Pamphyliæ.—Harbor of Rhodes.—Street of the Knights.—Turkish Ladies.—Steenburger's Gallantry again gets him into Trouble.—The Isles of Greece.—Samos.—Scio.—Approach to Smyrna.—A Beef-steak at Salvo's.

THE process of hoisting in the horses was safely accomplished, though with no little difficulty, for the wind was fresh from the south, and a heavy sea was rolling in toward Mersina. Our good animals, however, have by this time become accustomed to the thing, and were not so astonished as might be expected at finding themselves swinging in a box between wind and water.

Under ordinary circumstances we should have found it much better to leave our horses at this point, and trust to purchasing others in Smyrna; but I had too strong an attachment to my desert bird to be willing to part with her while I was in the East, and the additional expense of carrying her with me from place to place was nothing when compared with the entire confidence I had in the horse, and in my being able with her to do whatever I wished. In going to Smyrna, with the idea of visiting the sites of the Seven Churches, and exploring the interior of Asia Minor, I wished to be perfectly certain that I could do a day's travel in any given direction; and I know the ability of this animal quite as well as you know the power of a steamer or the speed of a railway train.

Sir Charles sold his horses at Mersina, determining to buy again at Smyrna. John Steenburger retained his own good steed; and we took them in together in the afternoon, got away just before sunset, and went all night rolling along the coast to the westward.

In the morning we were in the broad strait between Cyprus and the main land, which is the Sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, through which Paul so frequently sailed. Both coasts were at times dimly visible; but, for the most part, we saw only the northern shore, and we discussed, as well as we were able, the probable names of the headlands and bays that here and there opened on our view. The second day, or after the second night, we woke and were on deck early. The morning was delicious beyond description. The sky was golden and pure, the air balmy and soft—neither too hot nor too cold. We were running rapidly up to a coast that was rising out of the misty distance before us, and at length, about nine o'clock, were in the harbor of Rhodes, surrounded by a fleet of shore-boats of all sorts and sizes.

Twenty of the third-class passengers chartered one boat to take them ashore. That you may have an idea of the prices paid in these parts of the world, I give you the charter price of this boat, which carried twenty vagabonds about a fourth of a mile. It was just two paras per passenger—a little less than half a cent!

The harbor of Rhodes is one of the most stately places in the world to one who loves the memory of old glories. That harbor where the Colossus once stood is long since filled up with sand. The spot pointed out as the entrance which he once bestrode is dry earth now, nor does it look as if Greek galley ever could have sailed there. But the harbor of the Knights of Saint John, with its tottering towers and grand old bastions, is here, and no traveler enters it without a thrill of pleasure not unmingled with pain. The city is one vast fortification, sadly decayed and ruinous now, but a splendid relic. The landing-place is crowded with Smyrniote boatmen, Greek sponge dealers, Arabs of various descriptions, and the usual Levant crowd that I have so frequently described. From the landing-place, by a little winding passage through the fortifications, the stranger enters the street of the Knights, a mournful silent street, leading up a steep hill to an archway at the top, where stood till last year the grand old Cathedral of Saint John. Grass grows among the stones of the pavement, and wall-flowers hang from the desolate-looking houses. These houses are small but some of them very beautiful. They were the habitations of brave men of a brave order. The armorial bearings of some of them are yet on the fronts of the houses, whose architectural beauty is, to our eyes, most delicious after our long wanderings among Eastern blank walls. Never was city so surrounded by graves as Rhodes. It would seem as if all the Greek and Latin and Turkish dead of all the centuries lay in separate graves around the walls.

AN ARAB CAMP.

We strolled all day among the cemeteries around the city. You of course know all about the terrible explosion of last year which demolished the old church and nearly demolished Rhodes. Between the gunpowder and the earthquake the city came well-nigh being wiped out of existence.

I have no personal incidents to record of this stop. We simply walked around as very respectable travelers should do, and we behaved ourselves in approved Eastern style. Had we been there a day longer we might have scraped an acquaintance with some of the inhabitants, but eight hours was hardly enough time to see the city and the people both, and at five we were away from the harbor and again on our voyage.

On the steamer, after we left Rhodes, was quite a crowd of Turkish gentlemen and ladies. That is to say, there were four or five of the former, and fifteen or twenty of the latter. Miss Grandison had up to this time occupied the ladies' cabin of the ship alone; but this addition made it intolerable for her, and, by a special arrangement with the officers, we secured a sort of tent on deck—that is to say, a division of the canvas covering, which we subdivided into two rooms—and that night, along the coast of Samos, we slept again as we were accustomed to sleep under canvas, and enjoyed the rush of the sea and the breath of the wind.

For now we were in musical seas. Every sound of this water was full of old melody, full of ancient song. One was tempted to plunge over into it, so deep and divine was its blue beauty. This was the Holy Sea, this the first of seas, this the sea of the Isles of Greece. The water that dashed around us had washed the shores of Samothrace and Tenedos, and Lesbos and Scio and Patmos—had dashed itself in white foam against the base of "Sunium's marble steep"—had rushed rejoicing down by the Cyanean Symplegades, through the Propontis, by the coasts of Troy, and was at last ready to join the Ionian bride of Venice.

I tell you frankly it shakes a man's stolidity to find himself in the Grecian Archipelago. It wakes him up, and if he has any old Greek in him it brings it out.

If he hasn't that, then he usually spouts Byron, especially if he happen to have one of Murray's Red-books with him, which gives the proper quotation at the proper place.

The next morning was of the dirty sort. We had a head-sea, and the Turkish ladies were rolling about deck in various stages of sea-sickness. It was utterly vain to keep out of their way. When you least expected it down would come three hundred weight of femality and silk before the wind, and bring up against you with an exclamation of horror, and you involuntarily threw your arms around her, and then came a sea-sick Turk to "pitch into you" for daring to clasp his property in your infidel grasp. We had the prettiest little row, growing out of an affair of this sort, that I have ever seen. John Steenburger was standing at the weather-rail looking at Scio. Miss Grandison was by his side, and they were chatting gayly enough, when a Georgian girl, wholly oblivious of decorum, dashed across to the rail directly between the two, threw back her yasmak (or vail), and exhibited not only her face but the bottom of her throat—yea, the very depths of her stomach, to the astonished vision of the two Franks. After one or two vain efforts to bring something out of those depths which seemed to trouble her, she sank back suddenly, and fell on the deck in a dead faint.

John seized her instantly and carried her across the deck to a settee, where he had hardly deposited her when her indignant lord rushed on my friend with drawn sword in his hand, and I verily believe would have made an end of my long Virginian then and there, but for a sudden leap which the latter made over the settee and sick lady, thus avoiding the blow and giving himself time to reflect, if he needed it.

But John is not the man to reflect. He only touched the deck, seized a stool that was occupied by a Greek merchant from Smyrna, jerked it out from under the astonished shop-keeper, and aimed it at the head of his assailant. It flew like a cannon-ball; but the Turk dodged and the stool went overboard, passing within a foot of my head, where I stood at the lee-rail looking at Scio.

I turned in time to see the Greek seizing John, and the Turk advancing. Nothing was left for me but to collar the Turk; and, as he had no collar, I throttled him. So we went down on deck together, and at the same moment John and the

LANDING AT SMYRNA.

Greek pitched into the weather-scuppers, out of which they rolled as the ship went down again. We polished those two gentlemen off in very quick order; and all the while Miss Grandison stood shouting with laughter, and holding in her hand the sword of the Turk, which had escaped his grasp as he fell. Peace was restored in a few minutes, and our enemies were really too sea-sick to entertain or renew their enmity.

That night we ran down the Gulf of Smyrna, and as the clock ought to have struck twelve, if there had been a clock in any of the minarets of the city, we let go an anchor just at the moment that we smashed a Greek ship down to the very water's edge. In fact the anchoring was an afterthought; but I make no doubt, when the matter comes to be settled between the Greek and the French consul in the port, it will appear that both ships were at anchor ten minutes before the collision took place.

Next morning, beautiful exceedingly, Smyrna lay before us. I know no city whose appearance from the water is more picturesque and striking. We were more than a mile from the city. I know not what possessed the captain to anchor there, unless it was the collision aforenamed.

Before breakfasting we hastened into a shore-boat and pulled away for the city. You can hardly imagine the anxiety of one who has been for a few days on a Mediterranean steamer to get on shore and eat a respectable meal. I had been in Smyrna before. I remembered that, on the very water's edge, there was a little shop, kept by one Salvo, who supplied American and English ship-masters with provisions, and who could make a good cup of coffee and cook an egg just to the point of deliciousness. We pulled up to the little landing-place in the rear of his house, and took possession forthwith of his little breezy room.

"What have you?"

"Beef-steak—if it would suit."

"Beef-steak! Ye gods, it is seven—eight—ten—months since I have seen the article of beef!"

How we did breakfast! Sir Charles, who came ashore after us, found the second steak nearly gone and ordered a third, and we helped him finish that, and then we sallied out to the Hotel of the Two Augustuses—two French brothers of a few years ago who have left their names on their hotel, which is abominably kept, at exorbitant prices, but in which we are at present located, one of the Augustes being the present landlord.

THE APPROACH TO CANTON.

THE city of Canton, whose bombardment by the English and French troops has been announced, lies upon the north bank of the Pearl, or *Choo-Keang* River, some seventy miles from the sea. The river is one difficult of navigation, and large vessels of war do not generally find their way above the Bocca Tigris, or Bogue, which is properly its entrance. Here are some rude Chinese forts, and just above these, in a narrow passage, the Chinese, during the English opium war, sunk a number of large junks, with a view to preventing the passage upward of the English devils. The wrecks were blown to pieces shortly afterward, and the passage made sufficiently deep for vessels of moderate draught; but the rapid current had already accumulated a bar sufficient to prevent the passage of first-class vessels. Merchant ships commonly anchor opposite Whampoa Island, fifteen miles below the city of Canton. Our plan shows the devious course of the river, which forms, between Whampoa and Canton and opposite the city, a number of islands, on whose fertile soil great quantities of rice and vegetables are grown. Canton Proper is surrounded by a wall, said to be sixty feet high, and a deep ditch; the wall also, in several places, defended by guns. When the English and French "devils" have crossed this ditch and scaled this wall, they will, it is supposed, have to contend with an infuriated crowd of low-class Chinese, who will form another and rather stubborn wall between the aforesaid foreign devils and his Excellency Governor Yeh—whose portrait, by a Chinese artist, is given on this page.

Governor Yeh, some time famous for his obstinate diplomatic resistance to Barbarian aggression, is a mandarin of the highest rank, a cultivated man—from a Chinese point of view—and a most faithful servant of the Celestial brother of the sun, moon, and stars. In China all political offices are held by literary men, and all preferment in the State is for literary excellence. Whether Yeh's pre-eminence is as novelist, essayist, or pamphleteer, contemporary history does not inform us. Sure it is, that he was once a poor boy, much given to reading, and, it is to be supposed, regarded by his Celestial parents as incorrigibly idle. Having applied himself diligently to the studies prescribed in the Imperial course, he was, when twenty-three, ready to pass an examination. But, unfortunately, he could not raise sufficient money to bribe the judges to a hearing. So he was forced to the ignominious alternative of, for a certain sum of money, taking the name and place of a wealthy young idler, who desired a certificate without the trouble of cramming for it; a mode of swindling the State, openly and shamelessly practiced in China, where the *theory* of life is wise as it is odd, but the practice has long since degenerated.

With the sum which the future Governor of Quang-tong gained by this means he emigrated to another province, and at the succeeding session of the Imperial Examiners, having duly blinded those worthy men to his poverty, he succeeded in astonishing them by his thorough scholarship. Wheth-

GOVERNOR YEH.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY A CHINESE ARTIST.]

er it was a political squib or a satirical novel which first attracted the Imperial attention to poor Yeh we are not told. Certain it is that, instead of becoming one of the class of well-educated, shiftless Bohemians common in the Chinese cities—and whose counterparts are not unknown even in our own country—he shortly obtained office—and office in China means wealth, more or less honestly gotten.

Having proven himself one of the Emperor's most trusty adherents, Yeh was, on the breaking out of the rebellion, made Governor of the populous province of Quang-tong. How he has here held parley with the Barbarians—how he has argued with them, implored them to peace, and done all he could to restrain the fury of the lion-hearted soldiers of the Celestial Emperor, and save the worthless lives of the wretched foreign devils—is it not written in the dispatches of Yeh to his Imperial master—and has it not been printed in *Harper's Weekly?*

The population of Canton is reckoned at about 400,000, while it is calculated that 60,000 persons live in the boats and schamps, and about 200,000 in the immediate vicinity. The number of Europeans settled here is about 200. The goods in the shops are exposed for sale either in large open boxes or on tables, behind which the shop-keepers sit and work. In the corner of the shop a narrow staircase leads up into the dwelling-house above. Here, as in Turkish towns, the same regulation is observed of each trade or calling having its especial street—in one nothing but crockery and glass is to be seen, in another silks, and so on. In the physicians' street are situated all the apothecaries' shops as well, the two professions being united in one and the same person. The provisions, which are very tastily arranged, have also their separate streets. Between the houses are frequently small temples, not differing the least, however, in style from the surrounding buildings. The gods, too, merely occupy the ground-floor, the upper stories being inhabited by simple mortals.

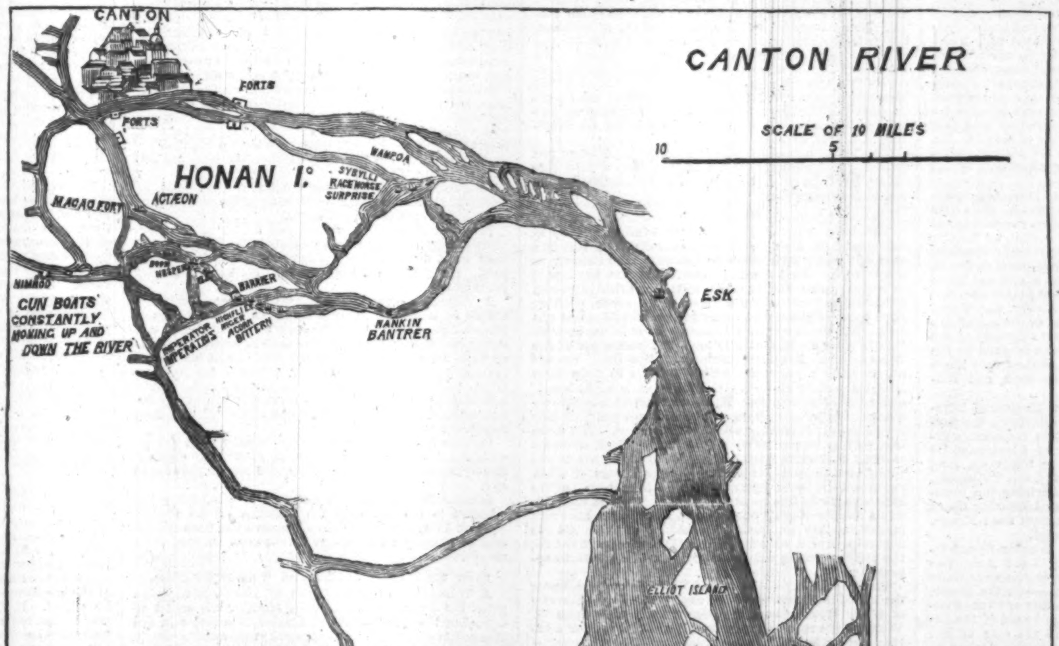


CHART OF PEARL RIVER, SHOWING THE POSITION, AT LAST ACCOUNTS, OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH ATTACKING FORCES.

LITERARY.

FROM G. P. Putnam & Co. we have received a work entitled THE APPLICATION OF ART TO MANUFACTURES, by George C. Mason, which we were at first disposed to pass by as a book of the "manufactured" sort, but which on examination we find to be of unusual value. It is a very thorough account of art-manufactures, and we suppose there is no one who will not find instruction and interest in reading how bronze statues are cast, how gilding is placed on metallic ornaments, how porcelain is made and painted, how iron, steel, terra cotta, plaster, china, silver, and all the metals and earths are turned by the hands of workmen into the graceful, beautiful, and magnificent works which cover our tables, or ornament our public squares. The accounts of the process of making porcelain alone are worth all the price of the volume, and the illustrations, of which there are a large number, although not new, add much to its value. We are always glad to commend a work of permanent value united to intrinsic interest like this before us.

A. S. Barnes & Co., who are indefatigable in publishing school books, have issued the FIRST BOOK OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY, by Professor Norton, of Yale College. The names of the author and publishers are sufficient to direct the attention of teachers to this elementary work. Barnes & Co. also publish THE LITTLE SINGER, OR PRIMARY SCHOOL VOCALIST, by George Henry Curtis, which contains glees and songs as well as an oratorio for the young.

The Third and (for the present) last volume of GIESELER'S CHURCH HISTORY, edited by Professor Henry B. Smith, of New York, now makes its appearance, published by Harper & Brothers.

We have heretofore spoken of the peculiar value of this work to theological and other students. It is exhaustive as a book of reference. It is a mine of authorities and condensed extracts. The amount of labor devoted to its preparation by the author and the American editor has been enormous. Instead of being the work of one or two men this mass of authorities would seem to be the result of the studies of a body of the clergy.

The character of the work is of course known to all theologians. It is eminently evangelical in tone, while of its orthodoxy there is no question. To a clergyman who does not possess a large library we should suppose this work would be the equivalent of a pile of old Fathers' and other works. Many volumes are condensed into the foot notes of these pages, and every line of history has its authorities, and all the authorities, not only referred to by line, page, and edition, but in most instances quoted in full or succinctly stated. The work will, of course, be adopted largely as a text-book in seminaries, and perhaps in colleges, where its worth will be found to be vastly greater than any extant Church History.

Harper & Brothers publish THE WORKS OF TACITUS, the Oxford translation, revised, with notes. Without reference to the value which this new and thorough edition of Tacitus will have to students who use translations judiciously, we may especially commend it to the general reader as an agreeable companion. We know of nothing more refreshing, in these days of new books, than it is to take up one of the old writers. Tacitus is particularly readable. His style is easy and winning, and is well preserved in this translation. We have heretofore remarked on the use of translations by students in school. We believe all teachers agree that the boy who uses it with care and judgment will be benefited by it, and that the boy who uses it as a substitute for study and labor will not be apt to gain much from his ordinary studies without it. Every school library should contain this entire series of classical works issued by Harper & Brothers.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, or rather, an elementary work on the English Language, by Professor William C. Fowler, is a valuable contribution to the school books of the day, and will probably take precedence of all other grammars. It is an admirable work, philosophical in plan, and clear and definite in arrangement. As a book to teach the English language, its history, development, theory, and use, we know of none equal to it, and we recommend it to the examination of teachers and others interested in this class of works. It is a new plan, in teaching grammar, to teach the derivation of the language we speak, but the plan is certainly most excellent and commendable. 12mo. Harper & Brothers.

The present number in the household Waverley series of Ticknor & Fields is THE PIRATE. The illustrations of this number are particularly good, especially the visit of Norna to Minna and Brenda. The series sustains its high reputation for simple elegance and beauty.

Grave-yard poetry is often

curious and interesting. We know of one cemetery in which the stones form a published volume of poetry of all kinds by one person. We are reminded of this by a pleasant little pamphlet containing a poem on the new cemetery at Bristol, Rhode Island, which has been laid out with much taste, and which is well celebrated in these lines. The cemetery itself is a memorial of the late Levi de Wolf, one of the excellent fathers who has gone to his reward.

Carter & Brothers publish another of Dr. Macduff's admirable and delightful volumes, MEMORIES OF GENNESARET, in which, with his well-known grace and delicacy, he recalls the scenes in the life of Christ which are located on the shores of that lake of lakes. There, indeed, occurred more of the incidents in His life on earth than ordinary readers of the Bible are apt to remember. Mount Hermon looks down on it from the north, Tabor from the west, Gilboa from the southwest, and Lebanon from the northwest. Nazareth is near it. Nain is yet nearer. Capernaum and Bethsaida were on its shores. The lake is there yet, but around it linger only these holy memories to sanctify it. Lonesome, solitary, and beautiful, it is of all lakes the most holy, and its associations the most thrilling. Few readers will fail to appreciate and enjoy this volume.

Dr. Barclay's new work on Jerusalem, published by James Challen & Sons, Philadelphia, of which we have before spoken favorably, is attracting the attention of the learned and of all who are interested in the Holy Land, and, as we predicted, has revived many of the discussions concerning the holy places.

Among the new works of art which this age has produced we have been most gratified by an exquisite set of photographs of views in Egypt and the Holy Land, now in process of publication in London. We do not know that they are imported by any New York house, but they are worth sending to England for. They are importations of the very ruins and hills themselves.

Much attention has of late been called to the East, and in another part of our paper this week is advertised an Excursion to the Holy Land, which is one of the great things of the day. This will afford many who have but brief time to travel a grand opportunity of seeing spots to which all hearts turn with the utmost affection.

The friends of Dr. Livingstone have had him meet them at dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, to receive their farewell. Dr. Livingstone has been appointed H. B. M. Consul for Quillimane, Senna, and Tete, on the east coast of Africa—an official position which will be of important advantage in carrying out his plans for opening up the commerce with the interior from the Zambesi River coasts. The iron steamer in which the expedition will ascend the river is to be taken out in pieces on board the African packet of next month, and prepared at Quillimane for the voyage.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, 1st March, in the Senate, Senator Henderson, of Texas, qualified and took his seat. Memorials were presented from Iowa asking for land for railroad purposes. Senator King reported a bill granting the Rome Arsenal to the State of New York. Senator Green called up the bill for the admission of Kansas, and in spite of the opposition of Senators Broderick and Gwyn, who claimed priority for the Pacific Railroad Bill, it was taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Green and Collamer.——In the House, a special committee was appointed to report upon the case of Matteson. Resolutions approving Governor Stevens's course were received from Washington Territory. Mr. Sherman presented a resolution inquiring whether any moneys had been paid to defray the expenses of the Legislature of Kansas. Mr. Florence presented a memorial from the marine underwriters of Philadelphia against any alteration of the Light-house Law.

On Tuesday, 2d, in the Senate, the House Appropriation to commute the Sound Dues was passed. Bills were introduced by Senator Seward to regulate the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels; by Senator Evans, to amend the Patent Laws; by Senator Houston, authorizing the raising of volunteer regiments in Texas. Senator Douglas's resolution on Kansas affairs was taken up, and the bill for the admission of that State; speeches were made by Senators Douglas, Collamer, and Pugh.——In the House, after some debate as to the pay of employés of the House, the question of the reference of the Senate Bill reinstating the naval officers dropped by the Retiring Board was taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Davis, Miles, Chapman, Sherman, and Wilson. No vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 3d March, Senator Hammond introduced into the Senate a resolution authorizing the payment of the officers and men of Captain Hartstein's expedition at the same rate as those of Lieutenant De Haven's. The Kansas question being taken up, long speeches were made by Senators Seward and Thompson.——In the House, the resolution authorizing the President to reverse the action of the Naval Retiring Board was passed by 71 majority, after speeches from Messrs. Whiteley, Bocock, Winslow, and Seward.

On Thursday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Stuart reported against amending the Bounty Land Act. The Kansas Bill was then taken up, and speeches were made by Senators Hammond and Doolittle.——In the House, Mr. Hoard's resolution to inquire whether or no the President had used his executive patronage in aid of the Lecompton Constitution, and notably in the case of Mr. Burns, of Ohio, was taken up; but after speeches by Messrs. Hoard, Humphrey Marshall, Burnett, Blair, Nichols, and Giddings, the question was tabled by 92 to 80. Mr. Quitman called up his bill for a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas, and spoke in favor of it.

On Friday, 5th (the Senate not being in session), the House was engaged all day with the private calendar, and adjourned at the close to Monday.

THE KANSAS COMMITTEE.

The House Kansas Investigating Committee met on Wednesday, 3d. All the members were present. General Calhoun sent in a statement, but it was decided that it should not be considered as evidence. Mr. Stephens read a report expressive of the views of the majority, setting forth, with other things, that as the authority was legally conferred on the delegates to the Convention to frame a Constitution, those who had an opportunity, but who declined to vote, were debarred from finding fault with the action of the Convention. The report also reviews the past positions of Messrs. Douglas, Stanton, and Walker, maintaining that they are inconsistent with their present course. Resolutions were passed with the view of obtaining information relative to the census and other documentary evidence, which it was agreed should accompany the report. A motion was made to adjourn until to-morrow night, but it was voted down by the usual 8 to 7, when the Committee adjourned *sine die.*

It is understood that the statement of General Calhoun, above referred to, avers that at the January election for members of the Legislature of Kansas, 7050 Free-State votes were cast, of which 631 were illegal, while the legal Democratic vote was 6581; thus giving a nominal Pro-Slavery majority, according to this test, of 153.

It is said that Senator Toombs will insist upon amending the Lecompton Constitution so as to allow the people to alter it when they please, which may defeat it in the Senate.

THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "The Congressional Investigating Committees now in session, with perhaps a single exception, are not accomplishing much. There are six at work:

"1. The Fort Snelling Purchase Committee.

"2. The Tariff Bribery Committee—the Lawrence, Stone, and Co. case.

"3. The Willett's Point Purchase.

"4. The Committee on Clerk Cullom's Accounts.

"5. Committee on the conduct, etc., of the late and present Door-keepers.

"6. To investigate the present system of public printing.

"There is another demanded, I believe, by Mr. Florence, of Philadelphia, relative to the charge that some one got $25,000 for aid rendered in the purchase of the Pennsylvania Bank building for a Post-office."

THE NEW BANKRUPTCY BILL.

Senator Toombs, from the Committee on the Judiciary, has given notice of a bill for a general and uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States, for the protection of creditors, the relief of insolvent debtors, and to regulate the commercial intercourse of the citizens of different States, including banks and all corporations; it will regulate both voluntary and involuntary bankruptcy, and will compel both individuals and corporations to pay their debts or become bankrupt under it. There can be no more suspension of specie payments by the banks. It will provide with care against all frauds or preferences, and compel an honest division of all the bankrupt's property among the creditors. The measure is decidedly popular at Washington.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

The Senate Committee on Territories are about to report a bill for the organization of the Territory of Arizona. It has been delayed by a difficulty in reference to the boundaries—Mr. Mowry, the Arizona delegate, proposing to connect Arizona with Texas on the east—thus including in Arizona the lower Rio Grande, which properly belongs to it, being separated from New Mexico proper by the *Erñada del Muerto* (Dead Man's Journey), a desert of ninety miles. This desert Mr. Mowry claims (and he is supported by the views of his constituents), is a natural boundary between the two Territories.

NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Advices have been received from the Utah Expedition to 4th January. Colonel Johnston, in his letters to General Scott, says that no incident of any military importance has transpired since his last communication, and that the troops are in excellent health and spirits. He expresses fears that he has not sufficient draught animals. The greater number of the soldiers who have been on the sick list were rendered unfit for duty by being frost-bitten. For this reason Colonel Johnston recommends that each man be supplied with a pair of buffalo-overshoes. Colonel Johnson calls attention to the great length of the line of communication to the army, and the necessity of providing the means for defending the supplies which must be sent forward early in the spring, more especially that portion liable to be attacked by the Mormons. Colonel Johnston commends highly the field-works thrown up around Fort Bridger, and has sent the drawing of them to the War Department.

Colonel Cook, writing from Henry's Fork on the 31st of December, says, that he found little grass and shelter at that place. The weather was moderating, and he had no doubt he would be able to remain there six weeks.

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE-TRADE IN THE SOUTH.

The New Orleans *Delta* has a singular article, in which it says that "Southerners have taken into their own hand the law, and opened the African slave-trade with the South; that Africans are now imported into Mississippi and other sea-shore States; that in Mississippi there is a market for African slaves, and that on plantations in that great and intrepid State negroes recently imported from Africa are at their daily work. The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that, in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party now privately urge the Labor Immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralize, regulate, and equalize the supply already opened and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast, and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields; but the Mississippi sea-coast's peculiar facilities for landing and secreting cargoes, and the conveniences of Pearl River as a channel for distribution, are not overlooked."

The lower branch of the Louisiana Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the importation of 2500 free blacks from the coast of Africa, to be indentured for *not less* than fifteen years.

PERSONAL.

The long-expected Turkish Rear-Admiral arrived at this city in the *Europa*. The *Herald* describes him as a man of "portly appearance and considerable hauteur in his manner. He is a man of about five feet ten inches in height, rather stoutly made, with broad shoulders, and an intelligent countenance. He has a smooth, pleasing face, peculiarly Oriental large dark eyes and round visage. His cheeks have a tendency to redness, and his face is plump. His nose is long, and somewhat of the Roman form. His mouth small, and lips thin. On his upper lip is a mustache, which appears to have been trimmed with much care. His forehead is high, broad, and without a wrinkle. His hair, mustache, eyebrows, etc., are brown or auburn, and he does not wear his hair longer than it is usually worn by Americans. His dress is in no way remarkable. A loose brown frock overcoat covers a dark cloth frock coat, inside of which is a brown velvet vest and colored shirt. His pants were of black cloth, and his boots were rather heavy in material, of the kind commonly known as short boots. Around his neck was a muffler of gray woolen cloth, and around his head, in Turkish fashion, was a red-and-blue turban. All his apparel was of a very fine material; and were it not for the turban nothing extraordinary would be about his appearance."

The Grand Jury of the City of Washington have, under the law of Congress to punish contempt of the authority of either House, found a presentment against John W. Wolcott, the recusant witness. He has moved for a habeas corpus, but refuses to disclose.

On a recent public occasion in Lisbon, at which a great many Roman Catholic priests of various nationalities were present, Mr. O'Sullivan, our Minister to Portugal, replied to an allusion to his country, first in English, then in Portuguese, and finally, for the benefit of some who did not understand either language, in Latin.

The *Episcopal Recorder* says that the health of Bishop Alonzo Potter has much improved, and that he intends soon to leave for Europe to recruit.

Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, returned in the *Europa* from an extended tour in Europe. He visited England and Ireland during last summer with Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, as delegate to the Wesleyan Conferences in those countries; subsequently visited the Methodist Missions in France, Germany, and Norway; was present at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin; and traveled, during the winter, in Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, and Greece. He was for some time dangerously ill, at Beyroot, and has scarcely yet recovered his usual good health. He proceeds, at once, on his Conference rounds. It is hoped the Bishop will give the results of his travels to the public in book form. From his shrewd observation and racy style we may expect a volume of unusual value and interest.

A private letter from Mr. Bryant, dated Naples, February 1, and published in the *Post*, says: "The weather here has been unusually cold. Night after night ice forms in still water, and the ground is frozen hard. This is quite a phenomenon in Naples. How the orange-trees stand it I can not imagine, but the degree of cold does not seem to be quite severe enough to kill them yet. One effect of this extreme cold is the prevalence of rheumatic fevers, which are so general that whole families are down with them at once. Mrs. Bryant has not escaped, and has been confined almost ever since she arrived at Naples."

Admiral Zerman, whose movements on the west coast of Mexico have made him well known, has been in town. He came from Vera Cruz to New Orleans with President Comonfort. The statements in several of the papers that he is in this country to obtain men and money for General Comonfort is entirely incorrect. He is here on no such mission. He belongs to the liberal party of Mexico, and hopes for the moral support of the country for that party—nothing more.

The body of an aged negro named Redman was found last week in one of the sub-cellars of the large tenement-house, rear of No. 9 Mulberry Street. It was terribly mutilated, a portion of the head having been eaten off by rats. The deceased, it appears, was literally starved to death. Notice of the affair was sent to the coroner, and an inquest will be held to-day.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 23d ult. says: "Mr. Charles Mackay, the poet-lecturer and editor of the London *Illustrated News*, who has for some days past been in our city, and has delivered one of his excellent lectures on 'Poetry and Song' to a large and highly-appreciative audience, left town yesterday for Mobile, where also he is to lecture. He was accompanied by Colonel H. Fuller, of New York, his friend and traveling companion; and our fair correspondent, 'Belle Brittan,' we understand, has availed herself of their joint escort on this her first visit to our sister city over the lake."

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia has voted an address and £100 to purchase a sword to be presented to Major-General Sir John Inglis, for his heroic conduct in the defense of Lucknow. Sir John is a native of Nova Scotia.

Judge Bowden, our new Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, left in the *Moses Taylor* for Aspinwall, *en route* for Honolulu.

Mr. Joseph H. Harris, formerly of Richmond, Virginia, was recently murdered at New Providence, Tennessee, by a slave of Wm. Gray. Mr. H. was sitting in his office reading, when the fellow approached and buried an axe in his head. After repeating the blow and thrusting his victim's head into the fire, he set fire to the office, but the flames were soon discovered and suppressed. The murderer was arrested by the Sheriff, from whom he was immediately taken by the citizens of Clarksville. A committee of twelve having been appointed to try him, found him guilty, and he was hung on the spot after confessing his guilt.

The New York correspondent of the Syracuse *Standard* says: "John Dean, the coachman who married Boker's daughter, is more fortunate than Dillaye, as he is secure in a place as marker in the Public Store, to which he was recently appointed by Collector Schell. This brings up the question of Dean's whereabouts since his marriage. Where has he been? Some say at school, others at home, and others still that he has been under private instruction. But wherever he has been, it is evident he has not improved, as the appointment of marker is always given to those whose talents and acquirements are of an inferior grade. It may be that the highly educated and accomplished Mrs. Dean has already found that marrying a coachman is not so romantic after all."

A New Haven correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* says of the case of the mail robber Tuckerman: "His Honor said that there were three cases to come before the jury—Tuckerman's, also one for counterfeiting, and one for assault and battery upon the high seas. He said that if the jury were satisfied that an offense had been committed, no matter if the locality could not be proved, no matter whether the evidence was direct or circumstantial, they were to find true bills. Under this, Tuckerman will most assuredly be indicted; but, as has been said before, that will not necessarily bring conviction. I understand that the defense will make its great point on the locality, and unless more definite testimony than was given before the commissioners is presented, there will be a large loop-hole."

A lad of seventeen, who had acquired some reputation as a theatrical performer, was recently converted during a revival in the Baptist Church at Lagrange, Missouri, and has been licensed as a preacher. He is said to be another Spurgeon, swaying his audiences with remarkable power.

The following incident of family history is told by the Baltimore *Sun*: "The late Wm. Bodman of this city dictated a will, bequeathing over $100,000. When the will was opened, it was found that after providing for his immediate family to the extent of $10,000, the testator had left the balance, $65,000, to a nephew, Mr. Charles Bodman, of Cincinnati, Inspector of the Tobacco Inspection Warehouses of that city. The slaves, five in number, he also bequeathed to him, making him sole residuary heir. The contents of the will being communicated to Mr. Bodman, he immediately came to Baltimore, and on Tuesday made over the whole bequest to two female members of the family, who had been overlooked by the testator, reserving only for himself Gano, the body servant of his uncle. Such acts of generous disinterestedness are seldom met with."

Ex-President Fillmore has purchased the house of James Hollister on Delaware Street, Buffalo, with a view of making it his future residence.

Freeman Hunt, the founder and editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*, died in Brooklyn last week. He has been unfit to attend to his business for some months past. He has been a useful man. He was about fifty years of age.

A Virginia paper, in the course of a complimentary article on Governor Seward, describes one of that gentleman's peculiarities: "The most elegant, chaste, and strong passages of Governor Seward's speeches are spoken with his arms resting on the railing and his fingers playing with his spectacles, as if he was in easy conversation with somebody. We never saw or heard of such a man in this respect. It is no trouble to him to talk intelligence, terseness, beauty, elegance, strength—as it all appears to be in print."

Captain Robert Bayley and wife celebrated their golden wedding at Newburyport on Thursday evening. Captain Bayley is one of the old and successful merchants of that city.

Senator Davis continues quite an invalid, being yet confined to his bed with the affection of the throat. Senator Fitzpatrick is gradually recovering from the attack of neuralgia with which he has been afflicted for a month.

HOW THE ADMINISTRATION WAS DEFEATED.

A Washington correspondent of *The Mississippian* gives the daughter of a Cabinet Minister the credit of defeating the Administration Kansas Committee in the House the other day. It happened in this wise:

"It is whispered in social circles here that the defeat of the Committee of Thirteen on the Kansas Bill, which the Administration lost by one vote, is attributable to a lady, a daughter of one of our Cabinet Ministers. One of her victims, a prominent but 'doubtful member' from the North, who is sighing himself into premature wrinkles and ugliness, conceiving, on the evening before the vote was taken, that Miss —— evinced a preference for a rival member, would have his revenge by voting against the Administration; the result was, the bill was lost! (A word in your ear.) That member's fate is sealed; for we saw Miss —— an hour ago, and had she swallowed all the pickles of her father's last state dinner, her feelings could not have been more acidulated against him for his recreancy."

THE STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

The Boston *Ledger* tells the following story: "In 1783 a youth, then residing in Maine, owned a jack-knife which he, being of a somewhat trading disposition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. This he retailed, and with the proceeds purchased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, which was followed in due time with a large stock. In a word, he got rich, and became the Squire of the district through the possession and sale of the jack-knife and an indomitable trading industry. He died worth property in real estate and money value for $80,000. This was divided by testament among four children—three boys and a girl. Luck, which seemed to have been the guardian angel of the father, deserted the children; for every folly and extravagance they could engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive attention and cultivation. The daughter married unfortunately, and her patrimony was soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate, and two of them died of dissipation and in poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in the days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor-farm. A few days ago he died, suddenly and unattended, in a barn where he had laid himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined all that was found in them was a small piece of string *and a jack-knife!* So the fortune that began with the implement of that kind left its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn in whatever fashion it may suggest itself to the reader, simply stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

ON Monday, the 15th of February, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Cambridge announced the receipt of dispatches from Sir Colin Campbell, exonerating General Windham from all blame in regard to the defeat at Cawnpore, lauding the gallantry of the General, and stating that he was inclined to recommend him to a higher and more important command.

On the following days but little business of importance was transacted till 19th, when Lord Palmerston, in moving the second reading of the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, described its character at length, and repelled the notion that it was an alien bill, although he admitted that it had arisen out of the late attack in Paris.

Mr. Milner Gibson moved, by way of amendment—

"That this House hears with much concern that it is alleged that recent attempts upon the life of the Emperor of the French had been devised in England, and expresses its detestation of such guilty enterprises; that this House is ready at all times to assist in remedying any defects in the criminal law which, after due investigation, are proved to exist; yet it can not but regret that her Majesty's Government, previously to inviting the House to amend the law of conspiracy at the present time, had not felt it to be their duty to make some reply to the important dispatch received from the French Government, dated Paris, January 20, 1858, and which has been laid before Parliament."

Spirited speeches were made in favor of the amendment by Mr. Gibson, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and others; while the course of Government was sustained by Mr. Baines, Sir George Grey, Lord Palmerston, and others.

Upon a division, there were for Mr. Gibson's amendment	234
For the second reading of the bill	215
Majority against the Government	19

The result was greeted with loud cheering by the Opposition.

ARREST OF A FRENCH REFUGEE.

On 14th ult. a M. Barnard, a French political refugee, was arrested on a warrant at the instance of the Home Office, on a charge of being concerned with Orsini and Pierri in the recent attempt made on the lives of the Emperor and the Empress of the French. The arrest was effected in the morning at the lodgings of M. Barnard, Bayswater, by Sergeant Williamson, a detective officer, and police-constable Tinnaci, who had been charged with the execution of the warrant. The latter officer, a young man of Italian descent, was specially selected for his skill as a linguist to aid in the arrest of the prisoner, of whom he had been in search for some days past. On making application to see M. Barnard at his lodgings they were admitted to an interview with him without any difficulty. They stated the object of their errand, and Tinnaci produced and read to him the warrant authorizing his arrest. He treated the matter in a good-natured way, and offered no serious resistance. Being somewhat in *deshabille*, however, he asked permission to go up stairs to his bedroom for the purpose of changing part of his dress, but the officers expressed their regret that they could not, consistently with the duty imposed upon them, allow him to do so; and, though he repeatedly urged them to comply with his request, they still refused, and removed him from the house in the dress in which he stood. On going afterward to the room in which he had slept on the previous night the officers found two revolver pistols, loaded, and an instrument called a "knuckle duster"—a formidable article, and made of brass, which slips easily on to the four fingers of a man's hand, and, having a projecting surface across the knuckles, is calculated, in a pugilistic encounter, to inflict serious injury on the person against whom it is directed. In a subsequent conversation which the prisoner had with his captors he stated that, had they been French instead of English officers, he would have shot them.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WILL.

The will of the late Mr. Morrison, sometime M.P. for the Inverness burghs, has just been administered to in Doctors' Commons; it is among the longest upon record. Upon its production were engaged conveyancers and barristers of eminence, and during its progress to completion the testator evinced much anxiety. The estate exceeding £4,000,000 is, in such cases, sworn to as of upper value. Basildon park cost £126,000; the furniture there alone has been valued at £90,000. This mansion is to be the residence of his widow, with an annuity of £10,000 a year. The estate of Basildon is left to his son Charles, as well as the Islay estate in Scotland, which latter cost £452,000; and, from its extent and vastness, may be termed a principality. This is let to numerous tenants. Mr. Charles is also bequeathed a round sum of £1,000,000 under the will. Mr. Morrison was possessed of Fonthill Abbey; Hove Park, Sussex; a town residence, Upper Harley Street; shares amounting to £80,000 in the Victoria Docks; and vast acquisitions in the United States.

THE ENGLISH ACCOMPLICE OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.

It seems that one of the accomplices in the late attempt to murder was an Englishman. His name is Thomas Allsop, an ex-member of the Stock Exchange. The instruments of the crime were all made to order in England, and the whole scheme and conspiracy was hatched and matured in that country. He was always a warm-headed and crotchety man; a friend and associate of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose "Table Talk" he edited. He was also an intimate friend of Robert Owen. An extreme Republican, he was always a gentle-hearted man, and had no guilty knowledge, but was probably used as a tool. His wife, who is a perfect lady, kept for several years a *Magazin des Modes* at 280 Regent Street, London, and her business connections lay among the most aristocratic circles in London. Coleridge dined every Sunday for years with Allsop.

Allsop has been advertised by the police, and is believed to have escaped to this country.

CHARLES DICKENS ON POOR CHILDREN.

At a festival held in London on 9th ultimo, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Mr. Charles Dickens took the Chair, and delivered a speech in his peculiar vein. In the course of it he said:

"Those two grim nurses, Poverty and Sickness, which brought these poor children before them that day, breathed the breath of fever over their wretched cradles, nailed up their little coffins, and piled up the earth upon their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town the unnatural ones formed more than one-third of the whole number. He should not ask his audience, as in the case of other spoiled children, to observe how good or how pretty they were. No; he was about to ask the charitable to observe how weak they were, how like death they were, and he should implore them by the remembrance of every thing that was happy in their own infancy, to extend to these spoiled children of the poor their patronage, their succor, and their compassion. Some time since, being in Scotland, he went with a humane member of that

most humane medical profession to visit some of the poor inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In a close wynd, a most picturesque place—he was sorry to say that the picturesque and typhus were often very nearly allied—he saw more poverty and sickness than he had ever seen within a similar space. In one wretched dwelling he saw a poor sick child cradled in an egg-box which its mother had begged from the shop, and that little wan child, with his fevered countenance, his wasted hand, and his bright, wakeful eye, was ever before his sight. He could see him at that moment, and fancied he heard him say, 'Why am I lying here, shut in from the light of day, and from the play with other children?' That case was only a type of thousands occurring in London every day; and if the company he saw around him, which formed a drop of the life-blood of the great public heart of the country, would only come forward, three-fourths of these melancholy cases might be annually saved."

FRANCE.

THE APPROACHING TRIALS.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* says: "The approaching trial embarrasses the Government more and more each day. It is true that the plot of Orsini and the others was a purely Italian and Carbonaro one, framed in order to punish the Emperor, as an ex-Carbonaro, for having betrayed his oaths; but, had it succeeded, the ramifications of all the secret societies in France would have vibrated at the instant, from one end of the land to the other, and, backed by the general discontent, and the force of the dissident monarchical parties, there might have been a great commotion. Here is the dilemma now—how to conduct the trial? Whether publicly or not? If not publicly, how to account for this? If publicly, how to prevent such things from coming out that it would be frightful even the sitting magistrate should hear? For instance, here is a fact that some ten people in all Paris know (certainly not more), and that on no account would it be advisable to spread abroad; ten days before the *attentat* the man Allsop appeared in Paris, and offered the four chief conspirators four tickets for the ball of the Wednesday night at the Tuileries! They all drew back, saying they preferred the combination of the visit to the Opera. Allsop replied to this, 'If that is the case, go your own way—one man only is certain of escaping from your Rue Lepelletier plot, and that is the Emperor. I wash my hands of you;' and thereupon he disappeared, and most people believe he is now in America. This is a fact that it is unsafe to reveal here, because it shows a fresh means of practicing assassination. It is certain that nothing was easier than to be present at the Imperial balls without being invited; and I could name many persons, both male and female, who have assisted at these *fêtes* under other names, by procuring the tickets of individuals who were prevented from attending. This has long been so notorious that it has often been said that the scene of Gustavus of Sweden might easily be enacted with Louis Napoleon for the victim. I presume care will be taken in future to prevent any such danger, which results principally from the tickets of such persons as have been prevented going to the balls not being returned. They are left lying about, and form an object of traffic for valets and ladies' maids."

OTHER ATTEMPTS ON THE EMPEROR'S LIFE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "That the fears of repeated attempts on the Emperor's life are not merely chimerical some of the circumstances which attended the event of the 14th sufficiently attest. The instant it was known that the attempt had proved abortive a long, low whistle was distinctly heard by many persons, taken up and carried on throughout the whole line of the Boulevards up to the column in the Place St. Antoine. No efforts of the police have as yet been successful in tracing the authors concerned; but it is of itself an evidence of a fearful system of organization. Again, when, ten days afterward, the Emperor and Empress paid their visit to the English Embassador, on account of the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Prussia, it is whispered that on their quitting the hotel, about two o'clock in the morning, just as they had entered the carriage, a man fired a shot straight at the Emperor from a revolver. In an instant the short swords flashed from the scabbards of a hundred police who were on duty; and the Empress seeing the fact, and forgetting the nature of the body that surrounded the carriage, and believing a band of desperate assassins were present, ready to complete the work which the pistol-shot had missed, flung herself on the bosom of the Emperor, exclaiming, '*Mourons ensemble!*' I do not answer for the truth of this, because I was not present, but my informant was one of the immediate *entourage* of the nearest relative of the Emperor's."

THE BALL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

He adds: "As to the British Embassy itself, such was the state of terror lest any thing should occur, that the Embassador declared he would be responsible for their Majesties' reception and safety on condition that the house should be placed several days before in the hands of the police. Only one or two of the ordinary domestics were retained on duty, and the hotel was accordingly fairly invested by the agents of M. Pietri. The very serving-men, arrayed in gorgeous state liveries, with powdered perukes, white kerseymeres, and long silk stockings, were these gentry in disguise, and probably accounted for the incompleteness of their waiting, which was complained of, notwithstanding the vast number of attendants. Not a day passes without fresh arrests being made; and the number in prison, directly or indirectly accused of implication in this crime, is enormous."

WHY THE AMERICANS DID NOT GO TO LADY COWLEY'S BALL.

The scarcity of Americans present at Lady Cowley's ball—which attracted, of course, various ill-natured remarks from the French journalists—was entirely owing to the order, emanating at the eleventh hour, for all gentlemen to appear in full court dress, knee-breeches, and court collar. The Americans have always resisted this injunction, and in this case preferred abstaining altogether from making their appearance. One Yankee wit answered the summons by declaring that "Never having possessed but one of those unmentionable garments, which his wife had seized upon the very day of his marriage, and had worn ever since, he had not dared ask her for the loan upon this occasion."

THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS.

A Paris letter dated Sunday evening, the 14th, says: "The Carnival which has been rendered *triste* by the *grippe* and the comparative absence of foreigners, is now, in its expiring, but always most brilliant moments, gay. Pierrots are numerous. Crinoline is the favorite theme for caricature in dress. I have seen on the Boulevards to-day men dressed up as women, with hoops which must have been stolen from the great barrel of Heidelberg, and who took up as much room as half a dozen ordinary individuals. They were followed by laughing crowds."

LIBERTY'S LAST FRIEND.

M. Emile Olivier, in speaking against the Safety Bill in the Legislature, is reported to have made use of the following strong language: "No liberty exists. The greatest of all, that of the press, is annihilated, and yet you come to ask for laws of public safety. Do you not fear that the country may say, I have sacrificed to you my liberty, my franchises, my traditions, the conquests of my blood—all that has made me glorious among nations—for the sake of a little tranquillity, and now you ask for more. Where will you stop?"

WHAT IT COSTS TO GET TIPSY AND TALK.

The following conviction for the use of disaffected language appears in *Galignani*: "A lawyer's clerk, named Dain, of Laon, Aisne, was tried two days ago by the correctional police of that town, for having been guilty of disaffected language against the Emperor. The prisoner had, it appeared, expressed to a fellow-clerk his sorrow that the attempt of the 14th of January should have failed, and had declared that he would have given ten francs to have heard of the Emperor's death. Portraits of Ledru Rollin and other Montagnards were found in his room. Dain admitted having used the expressions attributed to him, but with tears declared that he was intoxicated at the time. The court condemned him to seven months' imprisonment, to a fine of 700 francs, and to pay the costs."

FURTHER ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS.

One of the Paris correspondents of *Le Nord* says that the military addresses in the *Moniteur* have not been the only manifestations of feeling against England on the part of the French Colonels—some of those honored with the Order of the Bath having expressed a desire to return their decorations. The Minister of War, according to *Le Nord*, speedily put a stop to these demonstrations.

IS ORSINI A JESUIT?

A writer in the *Standard* says: "Orsini is a Jesuit. The words he used, 'My name is a legion,' have always been the motto of the Jesuits. He has been brought up in a Jesuit school, he has been saved in Mantua by Jesuits, and formerly in Switzerland by Jesuits, who are so powerful there. He was arrested in Genoa, because the Jesuits wanted him to do something against the hostile Piedmont. He made the attempt of the 14th ult. in obedience to the orders of the Jesuits, being dissatisfied with Napoleon, who becomes daily more independent of them."

BELGIUM.

ANOTHER JOURNAL PROSECUTED.

It is understood that the prosecution which has been instituted against the *Drapeau*, of Belgium, for libel on the French Emperor, will be sustained by the whole force of the Government, and that both the *Drapeau* and M. Labarre, the editor, will be ruined. The following is the article complained of:

"Yesterday evening, as M. Bonaparte was going to the Opera, some projectiles were thrown at his carriage. Several persons were wounded. He himself had only his hat struck. The journals crowd upon this piece of news all the epithets they can collect—terrible, execrable, etc. Without disputing their right to designate the attempt in any way they think proper, and without discussing the sincerity of their indignation, we state to these journals that, for our part, we know of no attempt more terrible, more execrable, than the one which was committed successfully on the night of December 2, 1851, against the liberty and life of the French people. Yes, it is frightful to think that, at the present day, a people, in order to get back its liberty stolen from it by a highway robbery, should be reduced to the last mode, that of assassinating a man. But what is more frightful than to have seen a people morally and materially assassinated for the advantage of this same man? Before making ourselves the cursers of the murderers, let us be informed who is the greatest murderer, and who is the most worthy of our curses. Until then we can only see in attempts similar to that of Thursday evening that which is called the return of things here below, with a warning to the 'Elect of Providence' to have always present to his mind this expression of Scripture, 'He who makes use of the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

PRUSSIA.

THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND HIS BRIDE.

The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the meeting of the King and Queen and the young couple:

"The reception of the Prince and Princess Frederick William by the King and Queen at Bellevue Palace, where the young couple stopped to make their final preparations before commencing their public entry into Berlin, was a surprise, and a most agreeable one, to almost every body. The King's state, although a great and constantly progressing improvement on what it was some months back, is nevertheless too variable to admit of any settled plans being formed in connection with it; the meeting, therefore, was an event not provided for in any official programme, and one that was only to take place if, when the moment came, his Majesty's strength would admit of it. This was happily the case; and the meeting gained an additional value in the eyes of the Princess from its very unexpected, unceremonious, and affectionate manner. The King and Queen came for the purpose from Charlottenburg to Bellevue, and, as soon as the near approach of the young couple was announced, the King left the apartments where they were waiting, and went to meet his niece at the bottom of the staircase. The Princess, who was most pleasingly surprised at this unexpected meeting, stooped to kiss his Majesty's hand, but the King anticipated her by taking her in his arms and kissing her, exclaiming at the same time, with joyful emotion, 'How delightful that is! Here you are at last!' He hereupon led her up into the palace, where the Queen received her also very affectionately. When the young couple left there in the festal procession the King returned to Charlottenburg, while the Queen hastened by a *détour* to arrive at the Schloss in Berlin in time to receive her niece in common with the rest of the royal family; this also was not prearranged or expected, and therefore the more gratifying."

THE STATE ENTRY INTO BERLIN.

He adds: "After devoting the necessary time to the assumption of the festal apparel appropriate to the bridal nature of the Princess's first visit to Berlin, the *cortége* left Bellevue palace at one o'clock in the grand State carriage, and preceded by a military escort. The State carriage in Prussia is one of those highly-gilded and uncomfortable vehicles that one sees portrayed in Old-World engravings, all angles and allegory, uncouth figures, and inconvenient shapes, and is, if possible, more ugly than our own, but possessing, like it, the one good quality that its ample glazed sides admit of the occupants being thoroughly seen. Thanks to this circumstance, I am enabled to report that the Princess wore a white satin or silk dress, with an ermine tippet over her shoulders and close up round her throat, and a diadem of brilliants in her hair. The Prince wore a Prussian General's uniform, with the broad band of the Order of the Black Eagle. The Prussian State carriage differs, however, from ours in possessing on the centre of its roof a gilt helmet with a fierce-looking plume and open visor, which, surrounded by other military trophies, throws the balance of ugliness, as compared with our own, rather in favor of the Prussian one; but, drawn by eight horses with highly-decorated, old-fashioned trappings, it, nevertheless, seemed more appropriate to the occasion than a modern and more comfortable vehicle would have been."

The entry was, of course, magnificent; *du reste*, like all such ceremonials.

THE STATE BALL.

Of the State Ball, given in honor of the Prince and Princess, the same writer remarks: "Of the numerous ladies present, and who for the most part occupied estrades round the saloon or sofas advanced on to the floor, it was remarked that, with almost no exception, all wore a white silk or satin jupe, with a pink or blue robe and train. Thus, accidentally or otherwise, the English colors (red, blue, and white, as found in the union-jack) were constantly being combined. The Princess wore a white silk or *moire* dress, embroidered down the front with silver in a pattern representing the twigs or branches of a rose-tree, and at each point where the bud might be supposed to form in nature a rose of pink crape, as it appeared to me to be, grew out of the dress. The same with the rich pink robe and train, the greater part of which was thickly set with pink roses, and was carried by two pages, and held out at its full extent, apparently about twelve feet long. The pearl necklace I have already described as the present of the illustrious bridegroom, consisting of 32 large pearls, and a tiara of diamonds, tallying with the description of that given to her by the Princess of Prussia, composed the entire ornaments the Princess wore, as far as I could see. Appended to the left shoulder, however, was an order, consisting of a medal suspended from a bow of black and white ribbon, which I presume to have been the Louisa Order, and, if so, must have been conferred on her by the Queen either that day or the day before."

ITALY.

HOW TO ROB A RAILWAY.

It would seem, says a letter from Rome, that the brigands of Italy are by no means disposed to give up their profession in consequence of the introduction of railways. A railroad, not more than nine miles in length, connects Rome with Frascati. On the 28th ultimo an unusually large number of passengers, chiefly of the better class, had taken the train for the latter place; a circumstance, it appears, which the bandits of the neighborhood were well aware of, for in the interval they surprised one of the signalmen on the most deserted spot of the line, and then hoisted a red flag as a signal of danger. The engine-driver, on approaching, saw the signal, and stopped the train; immediately two men sprang upon him and secured him, while their confederates leisurely opened the doors of the railway carriages, and rifled the pockets of all within, without the slightest opposition. After this operation the train was allowed to continue its route.

THE TRIAL OF THE SALERNO CONSPIRATORS.

The Salerno trial was resumed on the 1st ult., but Watt, the English engineer, whose mind appears to be broken down by suffering and imprisonment, again refused to appear, and violence was not used, as it would evidently have driven him into positive frenzy. Signor D. Francesca, one of the advocates of the crew of the *Cagliari*, wished that a diary of events, kept on board from the day of the departure from Genoa till the landing at Sapri should be produced, in order that Baron Nicotera might be questioned as to the authorship. The diary, it is said, was written by Pisacane, the leader of the expedition, and contained an exculpation of the crew; but, though other documents found on board had been used against the prisoners, this was not allowed to be used on their behalf. "Thus," says the reporter, "another gross illegality has been committed." Some of the accused complained bitterly of the treatment they had received, and of having been robbed of all their clothes and money, and one declared they had been buffeted and knocked down with hatchets. They also stated that many of their companions had been massacred in cold blood after surrender; that thirty-five had been murdered in this way at Padula, and twenty-seven at Sanza; that the bodies of the wounded were rolled over the cliffs, and their existence thus finished; and that it happened thus with Pisacane and Falcone. Others complained that, though brought to the prison in carriages, to create the impression that they were well treated, they were dying of cold in the prison, for want of bed or covering. All, too, united in exculpating the captain and crew of the *Cagliari* from all part in the conspiracy. There was a manifest eagerness on the part of all to do this, from Baron Nicotera downward. Their declarations were clear, precise, and repeated by several of them many times in such words as these; "We alone are guilty; we compelled the captain and the crew to act under our orders; we put them down below and kept watch over them."

TURKEY.

A CIRCASSIAN SLAVE-DEALER IN TROUBLE.

A letter from Trebisond, of the 18th, gives some details of the disturbance caused there by the Circassian slave merchants: "Our city has just been in great confusion in consequence of the conduct of some Circassians who bring slaves from the eastern coast of the Black Sea to be sold at Constantinople. About a hundred of these men have been here for some time with a number of young women and children, whom they wished to convey to the Turkish capital, but their embarkation was opposed by M. Machnine, the Russian consul. He, on the contrary, wished that they should return to Circassia, and offered them passports for that purpose. The Circassians refused, and attempted this day to embark on board the steam-packet, but were refused. Highly irritated at this, they assembled in the public square, fully armed, and thence sent message after message to the Russian consul, urging him to give them passports for Constantinople, and threatening to kill him and burn his house unless he complied. All the town was soon in commotion, and a great number of people assembled out of doors. During this time all the other consuls hastened, completely armed, to the assistance of their colleague of Russia, and several Russians in the place also went to the consulate for the same purpose. More than 300 persons had assembled under the windows of the consulate, all determined to support the consul, when it was announced by a message from the Pasha that the Circassians had decided on returning home, and the governor himself shortly after came, and said that all apprehension of a riot might be considered at an end."

AFRICA.

FEARFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGRESS.

In October last, near the Cape of Good Hope, Whitboy Swart, residing in the Zwarte Ruggens, went out at daylight one morning in search of a horse, and while strolling about the neighborhood in which he resides, his attention was attracted toward a bush by the yelping of three young dogs that had followed him from his home. On approaching the spot, he was startled by finding that his canine companions had joined a beautifully spotted tigress, that was lying on its back, with which they appeared to be enjoying a very satisfactory romp. Upon perceiving the man, the animal sprang to its feet, and Whitboy, though a noted hunter, and an athletic, bold, and active man, retreated, being unarmed, except with a small switch or stick; the tigress pursued him, and finding that he lost ground, he resolved on wheeling about and facing the animal, which, with one blow of its paw, tore away part of his cheek, and would, with the violence of the concussion, have knocked him to the ground had it not been for the support which he received from a small bush near him, which prevented him from falling on his back; probably to this circumstance he is indebted for his life, for with the tiger above him he would have been perfectly powerless. Whitboy struck at the savage beast with the switch in his possession, but this also fell from his hand; to preserve his face he now assumed a pugilistic attitude, when the tigress seized hold of his arm; with his other hand he then picked up a stone, which he placed in the jaws of the enraged brute to prevent his arm from being bitten in two. This done, he next seized his opponent by the throat, and by his great strength threw her down, and placed his knee on her neck; fortunately the dogs, though young, now harassed the enraged animal, and thus kept its paws engaged. The man then drew his arm out of the jaws of the animal, but when he had almost extricated it, the stone fell out, and the animal seized his hand, which was so severely bitten as to be disabled. With the other he now took the stone, and battered the tigress's nose and teeth. In this position, and in the greatest agony, he was two hours contending with his enemy. He had a knife in his pocket, but the other hand having been rendered helpless, he could not open the blade; he now contrived by main strength to move himself and the tigress to the spot where his switch lay, about six yards off. The struggling of the two combatants became quite terrific—the ground was trampled quite hard, and the spot covered with blood. Reduced to the last extremity, and believing the animal to be in a similar state, he resolved on encouraging the dogs to attack her while he jumped up and ran off. After running for about 300 yards, he looked round, and found the dogs coming on alone. He then hastened to a farmer's house to request assistance; they visited the spot and curiously examined the small clumps of trees, but having no dogs on which they could depend, the search was soon given up, and the wounded man conveyed to his home; his wounds were dressed, and he lay in a very precarious state for four weeks, having been twice attacked with lock-jaw; his sufferings were intense, one arm being entirely disabled, and the lower parts of his body severely lacerated. He was engaged altogether for two hours and a half. Hopes were, however, indulged that a sound constitution and powerful nerves would sustain him, and that he would ultimately recover from injuries which must have proved inevitably fatal to one of less physical power.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

We have news from India dated at Bombay on the 24th of January. The capture of Furruckabad and Futtyghur by Sir Colin Campbell is confirmed. The Nawab fled across the Ganges into Rohilcund, whither Sir Colin was about to follow him; and after the subjugation of Rohilcund, the Commander-in-Chief was to advance again upon Lucknow. On the 12th and 16th of January, Sir James Outram, at the Alumbagh, was attacked by the rebels, who on both occasions were driven back with great slaughter. In the last engagement the leader of the rebels was taken prisoner. The Indian papers state that the country all over was being tranquilized by degrees, but that a vast amount of work had still to be performed. The "Lucknow heroines" had arrived at Calcutta, and were received with great enthusiasm and a salute from the fort. There are no authentic accounts of the enemy in and around Lucknow, but it was considered not unlikely that they numbered 100,000 men.

THE TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the ex-King of Delhi had been fixed for the 9th of January, but the prisoner being indisposed it was postponed until the 13th. The charges preferred against him by the Government prosecutor, Major Harriott, of the Judge-Advocate General's department, are for encouraging mutiny and rebellion against the State, while a pensioner of the British Government in India; for having declared himself Sovereign of India. And the last charge is that he did feloniously cause and become accessory to the murder of 49 persons, chiefly women and children, of European and mixed European descent, and did, moreover, encourage and abet divers soldiers and others in murdering European officers and other English subjects, including women and children, both by giving and promising such murderers service, advancement, and distinctions. And further, that he issued orders to different native rulers, having local authority in India, to slay and murder Christians and English people wherever and whenever found in their territories. If these charges are proved, the Court can not but sentence the prisoner to death; but the general supposition is that his life will be spared, having been guaranteed to him at the time of his capture, though by whom, or by whose authority, we are as much in the dark as ever.

DID THE SEPOYS MUTILATE ENGLISH LADIES?

An English paper says: "The allegation that the rebels and natives of India had not been guilty of any acts of mutilation can not apparently be sustained. A correspondent of the *Times* asserts that he knows two ladies and one child now in England—one lady having lost her nose and ears; the other, nose, ears, and lower lip; while the child is minus feet and hands. He can not believe that these are the only sufferers, and thinks it must be evident to every one that all who have been thus brutally used should wish to live in private. A police magistrate in London is also personally acquainted with a lady residing in the neighborhood of the metropolis who has come home from India in a dreadfully mutilated condition, and who has brought with her a child whose feet and hands have been cut off by the Sepoys. A medical man in London authorizes the *Morning Advertiser* to say that he attends another lady who is so frightfully disfigured by the mutilations made on her by the mutineers that she refuses to see any body but her nearest relations. Moreover, says that journal, we are only stating what is known to many persons in private, that Mr. Vernon Smith, President of the Board of Control, makes no secret of the fact that he knows individual cases of ladies who were maltreated by the Sepoys in a way so gross as that no reference can be made to the circumstances in a public journal.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF LUCKNOW.

A letter from a Lieutenant in the 32d regiment, to his father, who was in the residency at Lucknow, and who, being wounded, on his return to England mentions the case of a Christian heroine, who appears to have acted all the part of a Miss Nightingale to the unfortunate wounded. Unfortunately, however, for her deification, she has a most unromantic name. The writer says: "I can not close my letter without expressing the deep and heartfelt sense of gratitude I feel for the kindness shown to me by Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins, of the civil service, during my time of sickness and suffering in hospital. Mrs. Gubbins was truly 'The Nightingale of Lucknow;' she never ceased in her visits of kindness and mercy to the sick and wounded, dressing their wounds, watching them in weakness, and supplying their wants, and this at the imminent peril of her own life, not merely from contagion, but from the bullets of the enemy. When General Havelock's force came in and we had an interval of comparative rest, she seized the opportunity, and took over to her own house the worst cases in the hospital; she fed them out of her own scanty stores, and gave them her own wine. I was one of the fortunate number, and never shall I forget the Christian kindness and devoted attention of 'the Gubbinses.'"

CHINA.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

There is nothing late from China; but the correspondence from Canton gives ample details of the bombardment of that place.

The assault and capture of Gough's Fort took place just as the mail was leaving, so that no particulars are received. All the hill-defenses of the city were in possession of the English and French. The whole of the operations had been concluded with a view to occasion the smallest possible sacrifice of life. At the last moment the Chinese showed no signs of surrendering, but continued to fire at their adversaries from the tops of houses. The position of the allies was such that they could entirely destroy the city in case of continued obstinacy.

The official dispatches from the naval and military commanders-in-chief report that the city was escaladed and captured with trifling loss on the morning of the 29th of December.

MEXICO.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE CITY.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Thirty days have now rolled quietly by since the Comonfort Juarez government fell amidst the roar of cannon, the rattle of artillery, the bursting of shells, the whiz and crash of balls, etc. Exciting and horrid at times as was the appearance of this city during the bombardment, which set the yuros to flight and drove Comonfort out of the country, I have failed to learn of much bloodshed. A good election knock-down in the Sixth ward of your city would have furnished a longer list of mortality. This circumstance of so small a number of killed is wonderful even to us here, and must be still more so when it is known that for about eighteen hours, on the last day of the fight, firing was continuous, and for about seven hours of this time shells fell like hail for hundreds of yards around all the points held by the contending forces. These points being within musket-shot range of each other throughout the city, there was scarcely a house that was not exposed to catch the reckless fire of both parties. The tactics of Mexican gunners is peculiar to themselves. If a gun was holding a good position it was sure not to be used; if it was required to be used it immediately was removed from its commanding position. The course of the Mexicans is doubtless the most humane known. A tremendous noise is made, houses are destroyed, every donkey, cat, dog, or other animal that may happen in line is shot down, commerce is closed, women and children are scared out of their wits for days, while the roar of the cannon and the tingling whistle of the Minie rifle-ball give evidence that a great and bloodless battle is waging between two forces, scattered over house tops and secured behind sand bags and parapets. The first spasmodic or accidental exhibition of valor ends the day."

BRITISH PROVINCES.

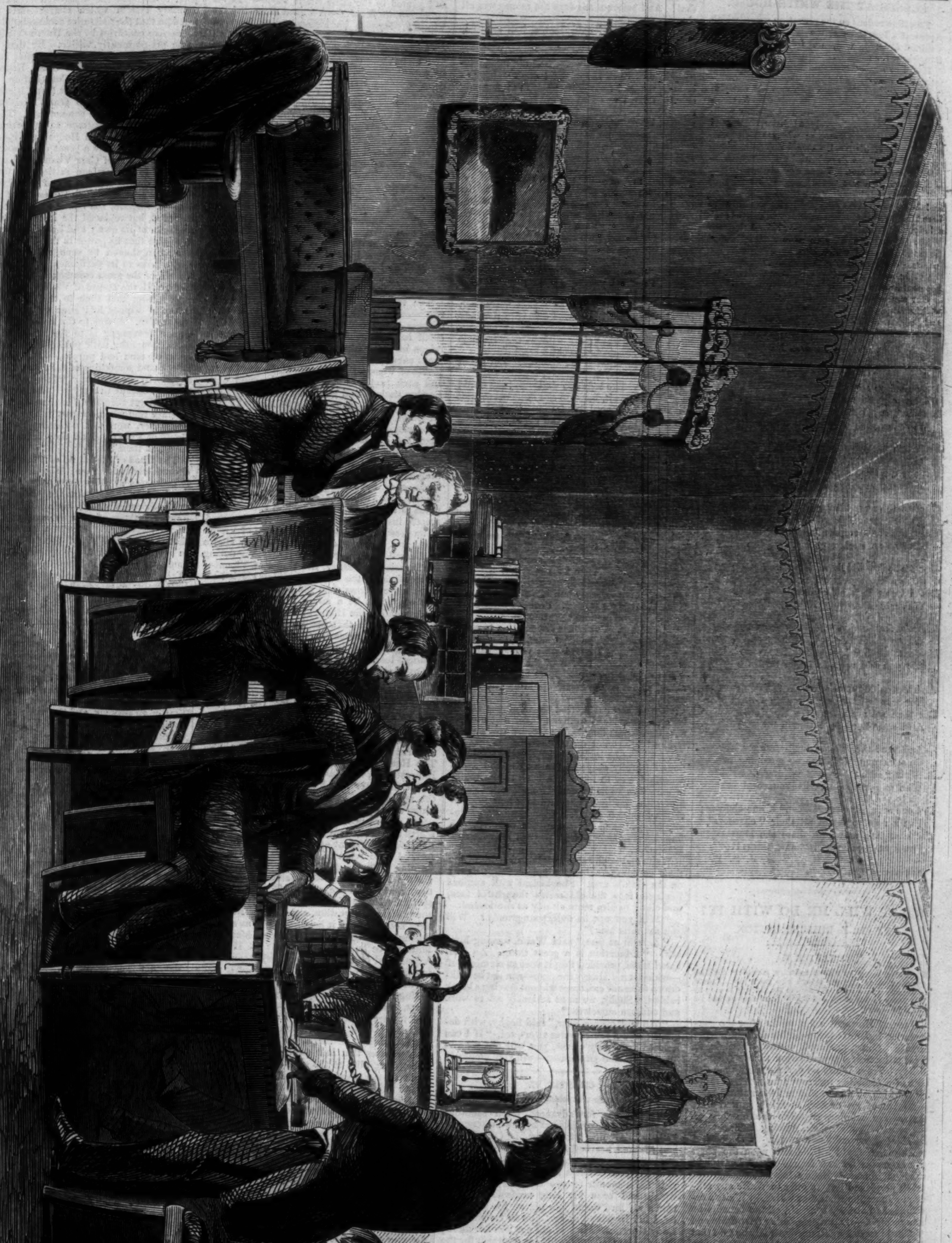
A PROPOSED BRITISH CONFEDERATION.

The Hon. James W. Johnston, Attorney-General, and Adams G. Archibald, Esq., Commissioners of Nova Scotia, to London, were instructed, on the 16th June last, to confer with the Imperial Government on the subject of a union of the British North American provinces. They give, in a letter to the Provincial Secretary under date of February 8, the following as the result of their interview with Mr. Labouchere:

"He informed us that her Majesty's government had no desire to interfere with the determination to which the Colonies themselves might come on a point so immediately affecting their own interests; and that if they should be of opinion that union would advance their prosperity, the government would oppose no obstacle to their wishes."

In pursuance of this, the government of Nova Scotia has opened negotiations with the other provinces for such confederation.

A PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.



TOUCEY. THE PRESIDENT. BROWN. BLACK. FLOYD. THOMPSON. CASS. COBB.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

SCENES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE illustrations on the preceding pages, which represent a Reception at the White House and a Cabinet Council, will, we think, be admired throughout the country.

It will be remembered that during the last Presidential contest one of the objections most frequently urged against Mr. Buchanan was his unfortunate bachelorhood. It was said that were he elected the White House would be a dull, gloomy bachelor-hall, devoted exclusively to politics, cigars, and stupid masculine enjoyments; whereas the accomplished wife of his rival, Colonel Frémont, would do the honors of the Presidential mansion with infinite grace and tact. These cavilers forgot that, if Mr. Buchanan was not blessed with a wife, he had a niece, the charming and amiable Miss Lane; and that she would take the place which would have been filled by Mrs. Buchanan, had there existed such a lady. It is universally acknowledged that the White House has never seen more brilliant receptions than those of which Miss Lane has done the honors. Visitors to Washington are not likely to forget the social gatherings which the White House has contained under our bachelor President.

Our picture of the Cabinet will do to keep. It will be noticed that the portraits of the President and Secretaries are faithful and correct. They do great credit to the artist.

TEA-PARTY POLITICS.

I AM glad you are getting acquainted;
I knew you'd be struck by her charms.
But *don't* say I told you she "painted;"
We're on such very *intimate* terms.

She's had sweet-hearts, of course, by the dozen;
"Engagements," some dozens of germs;
But one can't say sharp things of one's cousin;
We're on such *very* intimate terms.

Of course you are charmed with "the Heiress,"
Whose "grace" is all wriggle and squirms;
They *say* she's engaged to young Morris—
They're on such very intimate terms!

Her smile 'twould bewilder a nation,
Or break ten poetical firms;
But I know it is *all affectation*—
We're on such very intimate terms.

There's that snaky-eyed belle from the city,
Whose "*dad*" deals in blubber and sperms,
You'll think her both pretty and witty,
'Til you get upon intimate terms.

And that widow-bewitched, who *will* weave all
Her weeds into beau-catching forms!
But then we are sisters (in Eve) all,
And *must* keep on intimate terms.

—And thus the "inquiring" stranger
Gets "cramm'd" by those gossiping firms,
B. Biting and D—g-in-the-Manger,
Who *will* keep on intimate terms!

But one soon puts 'em "down" if one chooses;
I've a rule to dispel all their "charms:"
Cut each jade, and with those she abuses
Grow at once upon intimate terms!

J. S. P.

HOUSATONIC VALLEY, 1858.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Waife, being by nature unlucky, considers that, in proportion as Fortune brings him good luck, Nature converts it into bad. He suffers Mr. George Morley to go away in his debt, and Sophy fears that he will be dull in consequence.

GEORGE MORLEY, a few weeks after the conversation last recorded, took his departure from Montfort Court, prepared, without a scruple, to present himself for ordination to the friendly bishop. From Waife he derived more than the cure of a disabling infirmity; he received those hints which, to a man who has the natural temperament of an orator, so rarely united with that of the scholar, expedite the mastery of the art which makes the fleeting human voice an abiding, imperishable power. The grateful teacher exhausted all his lore upon the pupil whose genius he had freed—whose heart had subdued himself. Before leaving, George was much perplexed how to offer to Waife any other remuneration than that which, in Waife's estimate, had already overpaid all the benefits he had received—viz., unquestioning friendship and pledged protection. It need scarcely be said that George thought the man to whom he owed fortune and happiness was entitled to something beyond that moral recompense. But he found, at the first delicate hint, that Waife would not hear of money, though the ex-Comedian did not affect any very Quixotic notions on that practical subject. "To tell you the truth, Sir, I have rather a superstition against having more money in my hands than I know what to do with. It has always brought me bad luck. And what is very hard—the bad luck stays, but the money goes. There was that splendid sum I made at Gainsboro'. You should have seen me counting it over. I could not have had a prouder or more swelling heart if I had been that great man Mr. Elwes the miser. And what bad luck it brought me, and how it all frittered itself away! Nothing to show for it but a silk ladder and an old hurdy-gurdy, and I sold *them* at half-price. Then, when I had the accident which cost me this eye, the railway people behaved so generously, gave me £120—think of that! And before three days the money was all gone!"

"How was that?" said George, half amused, half pained; "stolen, perhaps?"

"Not so," answered Waife, somewhat gloomily, "but restored. A poor dear old man, who thought very ill of me—and I don't wonder at it—was reduced from great wealth to great poverty. While I was laid up my landlady read a newspaper to me, and in that newspaper was an account of his reverse and destitution. But I was accountable to him for the balance of an old debt, and that, with the doctor's bills, quite covered my £120. I hope he does not think quite so ill of me now. But the money brought good luck to him rather than to me. Well, Sir, if you were now to give me money I should be on the look-out for some mournful calamity. Gold is not natural to me. Some day, however, by-and-by, when you are inducted into your living, and have become a renowned preacher, and have plenty to spare, with an idea that you would feel more comfortable in your mind if you had done something royal for the basket-maker, I will ask you to help me to make up a sum which I am trying by degrees to save—an enormous sum—as much as I paid away from my railway compensation—I owe it to the lady who lent it to release Sophy from an engagement which I—certainly without any remorse of conscience—made the child break."

"Oh yes! What is the amount? Let me at least repay that debt."

"Not yet. The lady can wait—and she would be pleased to wait, because she deserves to wait—it would be unkind to her to pay it off at once. But in the mean while, if you could send me a few good books for Sophy?—instructive; yet not very, very dry. And a French dictionary—I can teach her French when the winter days close in. You see I am not above being paid, Sir. But, Mr. Morley, there is a great favor you can do me."

"What is it? Speak."

"Cautiously refrain from doing me a great disservice! You are going back to your friends and relations. Never speak of me to them. Never describe me and my odd ways. Name not the lady, nor—nor—nor—the man who claimed Sophy. Your friends might not hurt me, others might. Talk travels. The Hare is not long in its form when it has a friend in a Hound that gives tongue. Promise what I ask. Promise it as 'man and gentleman.'"

"Certainly. Yet I have one relation to whom I should like, with your permission, to speak of you, with whom I could wish you acquainted. He is so thorough a man of the world that he might suggest some method to clear your good name, which you yourself would approve. My uncle, Colonel Morley—"

"On no account!" cried Waife, almost fiercely, and he evinced so much anger and uneasiness that it was long before George could pacify him by the most earnest assurances that his secret should be inviolably kept, and his injunctions faithfully obeyed. No men of the world consulted how to force him back to the world of men that he fled from! No colonels to scan him with martinet eyes, and hint how to pipe-clay a tarnish! Waife's apprehensions gradually allayed, and his confidence restored, one fine morning George took leave of his eccentric benefactor.

Waife and Sophy stood gazing after him from their garden-gate; the cripple leaning lightly on the child's arm. She looked with anxious fondness into the old man's thoughtful face, and clung to him more closely as she looked.

"Will you not be dull, poor grandy? Will you not miss him?"

"A little at first," said Waife, rousing himself. "Education is a great thing. An educated mind, provided that it does us no mischief—which is not always the case—can not be withdrawn from our existence without leaving a blank behind. Sophy, we must seriously set to work and educate ourselves!"

"We will, grandy dear," said Sophy, with decision; and a few minutes afterward, "If I can become very, very clever, you will not pine so much after that gentleman—will you, grandy?"

CHAPTER VI.

Being a chapter that comes to an untimely end.

WINTER was far advanced when Montfort Court was again brightened by the presence of its lady. A polite letter from Mr. Carr Vipont had reached her before leaving Windsor, suggesting how much it would be for the advantage of the Vipont interest if she would consent to visit for a month or two the seat in Ireland, which had been too long neglected, and at which my lord would join her on his departure from his Highland moors. So to Ireland went Lady Montfort. My lord did not join her there; but Mr. Carr Vipont deemed it desirable for the Vipont interest that the wedded pair should reunite at Montfort Court, where all the Vipont family were invited to witness their felicity or mitigate their *ennui*.

But, before proceeding another stage in this history, it becomes a just tribute of respect to the great House of Vipont to pause and place its past records and present grandeur in fuller display before the reverential reader. The House of Vipont! What am I about? The House of Vipont requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE OF VIPONT.—"*Majora canamus.*"

THE House of Vipont! Looking back through ages, it seems as if the House of Vipont were one continuous, living idiosyncrasy, having in its progressive development a connected unity of thought and action, so that through all the changes of its outward form it had been moved and guided by the same single spirit—"*Le roi est mort—vive le roi!*"—A Vipont dies—live the Vipont! Despite its high-sounding Norman name, the House of Vipont was no House at all for some generations after the Conquest. The first Vipont who emerged from the obscurity of time was a rude soldier, of Gascon origin, in the reign of Henry II.; one of the thousand fighting men who sailed from Milford Haven with the stout Earl of Pembroke, on that strange expedition which ended in the conquest of Ireland. This gallant man obtained large grants of land in that fertile island—some Mac or some O' vanished, and the House of Vipont rose.

During the reign of Richard I. the House of Vipont, though recalled to England (leaving its Irish acquisitions in charge of a fierce cadet, who served as middleman), excused itself from the Crusade, and, by marriage with a rich goldsmith's daughter, was enabled to lend moneys to those who indulged in that exciting but costly pilgrimage. In the reign of John the House of Vipont foreclosed its mortgages on lands thus pledged, and became possessed of a very fair property in England, as well as its fiefs in the sister isle.

The House of Vipont took no part in the troublesome politics of that day. Discreetly obscure, it attended to its own fortunes, and felt small interest in *Magna Charta*. During the reigns of the Plantagenet Edwards, who were great encouragers of mercantile adventure, the House of Vipont, shunning Creci, Bannockburn, and such profitless brawls, intermarried with London traders, and got many a good thing out of the Genoese. In the reign of Henry IV. the House of Vipont reaped the benefit of its past forbearance and modesty. Now, for the first time, the Viponts appear as belted knights—they have armorial bearings—they are Lancasterian to the back-bone—they are exceedingly indignant against heretics—they burn the Lollards—they have places in the household of Queen Joan, who was called a witch, but a witch is a very good friend when she wields a sceptre instead of a broomstick. And in proof of its growing importance, the House of Vipont marries a daughter of the then mighty House of Darrell. In the reign of Henry V., during the invasion of France, the House of Vipont—being afraid of the dysentery which carried off more brave fellows than the field of Agincourt—contrived to be a minor. The Wars of the Roses puzzled the House of Vipont sadly. But it went through that perilous ordeal with singular tact and success. The manner in which it changed sides, each change safe, and most changes lucrative, is beyond all praise.

On the whole, it preferred the Yorkists; it was impossible to be actively Lancasterian, with Henry VI. of Lancaster always in prison. And thus, at the death of Edward IV., the House of Vipont was Baron Vipont of Vipont, with twenty manors. Richard III. counted on the House of Vipont, when he left London to meet Richmond at Bosworth—he counted without his host. The House of Vipont became again intensely Lancasterian, and was among the first to crowd round the litter in which Henry VII. entered the metropolis. In that reign it married a relation of Empson's—did the great House of Vipont! and as nobles of elder date had become scarce and poor, Henry VII. was pleased to make the House of Vipont an earl—the Earl of Montfort. In the reign of Henry VIII., instead of burning Lollards, the House of Vipont was all for the Reformation—it obtained the lands of two priories and one abbey. Gorged with that spoil, the House of Vipont, like an anaconda in the process of digestion, slept long. But no, it slept not. Though it kept itself still as a mouse during the reign of bloody Queen Mary (only letting it be known at court that the House of Vipont had strong papal leanings); though during the reigns of Elizabeth and James it made no noise, the House of Vipont was silently inflating its lungs, and improving its constitution. Slept, indeed! it was wide awake. Then it was that it began systematically its grand policy of alliances; then was it sedulously grafting its olive branches on the stems of those fruitful New Houses that had sprung up with the Tudors; then, alive to the spirit of the day, provident of the wants of the morrow, over the length and breadth of the land it wove the interlacing net-work of useful cousinhood! Then, too, it began to build palaces, to inclose parks—it traveled, too, a little—did the House of Vipont! It visited Italy—it conceived a taste; a very elegant House became the House of Vipont! And in James's reign, for the first time, the House of Vipont got the Garter. The Civil Wars broke out—England was rent. Peer and knight took part with one side or the other. The House of Vipont was again perplexed. Certainly at the commencement it was all for King Charles. But when King Charles took to fighting the House of Vipont shook its sagacious head, and went about, like Lord Falkland, sighing "Peace, peace!" Finally it remembered its neglected estates in Ireland—its duties called it thither. To Ireland it went, discreetly sad, and, marrying a kinswoman of Lord Fauconberg—the only popular and safe connection formed by the Lord Protector's family—it was safe when Cromwell visited Ireland; and no less safe when Charles II. was restored to England. During the reign of the merry monarch the House of Vipont was a courtier, married a beauty, got the Garter again, and, for the first time, became the fashion. Fashion began to be a Power. In the reign of James II. the House of Vipont again contrived to be a minor, who came of age just in time to take the oaths of fealty to William and Mary. In case of accidents, the House of Vipont kept on friendly terms with the exiled Stuarts, but it wrote no letters, and got into no scrapes. It was not, however, till the Government, under Sir R. Walpole, established the constitutional and parliamentary system which characterizes modern freedom that the puissance accumulated through successive centuries by the House of Vipont became pre-eminently visible. By that time its lands were vast, its wealth enormous; its parliamentary influence, as "a Great House," was now a part of the British Constitution. At this period the House of Vipont found it convenient to rend itself into two grand divisions—the peer's branch and the commoner's. The House of Commons had become so important that it was necessary for the House of Vipont to be represented there by a great commoner. Thus arose the family of Carr Vipont. That division—owing to a marriage settlement favoring a younger son by the heiress of the Carrs—carried off a good slice from the estate of the earldom—*uno averso, non deficit alter*; the earldom mourned, but replaced the loss by two wealthy wedlocks of its own; and had since seen cause to rejoice that its power in the Upper Chamber was strengthened by such aid in the Lower. For, thanks to its parliamentary influence, and the aid of the great commoner, in the reign of George III. the House of Vipont became a Marquis. From that time to the present day the House of Vipont had gone on prospering and progressive. It was to the aristocracy what the *Times* newspaper is to the press. The same quick sympathy with public feeling—the same unity of tone and purpose—the same adaptability—and something of the same lofty tone of superiority to the petty interests of party. It may be conceded that the House of Vipont was less brilliant than the *Times* newspaper, but eloquence and wit, necessary to the duration of a newspaper, were not necessary to that of the House of Vipont. Had they been so, it would have had them!

The Head of the House of Vipont rarely condescended to take office. With a rent-roll loosely estimated at about £170,000 a year, it is beneath a man to take from the public a paltry five or six thousand a year, and undergo all the undignified abuse of popular assemblies, and "a ribald press." But it was a matter of course that the House of Vipont should be represented in any cabinet that a constitutional monarch could be advised to form. Since the time of Walpole, a Vipont was always in the service of his country, except in those rare instances when the country was infamously misgoverned. The cadets of the House, or the senior member of the great commoner's branch of it, sacrificed their ease to fulfill that duty. The Montfort marquises in general were contented with situations of honor in the household, as of Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Horse, etc.—not onerous dignities; and even these they only deigned to accept on those especial occasions when danger threatened the Star of Brunswick, and the sense of its exalted station forbade the House of Vipont to leave its country in the dark.

Great Houses like that of Vipont assist the work of civilization by the law of their existence. They are sure to have a spirited and wealthy tenantry, to whom, if but for the sake of that popular character which doubles political influence, they are liberal and kindly landlords. Under their sway fens and sands become fertile—agricultural experiments are tested on a large scale—cattle and sheep improve in breed—national capital augments, and, springing beneath the plowshare, circulates indirectly to speed the ship and animate the loom. Had there been no Woburn, no Holkham, no Montfort Court, England would be the poorer by many a million. Our great Houses tend also to the refinement of national taste; they have their show-places, their picture-galleries, their beautiful grounds. The humblest drawing-rooms owe an elegance or comfort—the smallest garden, a flower or esculent—to the importations which luxury borrowed from abroad, or the inventions it stimulated at home, for the original benefit of great Houses. Having a fair share of such merits, in common with other great Houses, the House of Vipont was not without good qualities peculiar to itself. Precisely because it was the most egotistical of Houses, filled with the sense of its own identity, and guided by the instincts of its own conservation, it was a very civil, good-natured House—courteous, generous, hospitable; a House (I mean the Head of it—not, of course, all its subordinate members, including even the august Lady Selina) that could bow graciously, and shake hands with you. Even if you had no vote yourself, you might have a cousin who had a vote. And once admitted into the family, the House adopted you; you had only to marry one of its remotest relations, and the House sent you a wedding present; and at every general election invited you to rally round your connection—the Marquis. Therefore, next only to the Established Church, the House of Vipont was that British institution the roots of which were the most widely spread.

Now the Viponts had for long generations been an energetic race. Whatever their defects, they had exhibited shrewdness and vigor. The late Marquis (grandfather to the present) had been, perhaps, the ablest (that is, done most for the House of Vipont) of them all. Of a grandiose and superb mode of living—of a majestic deportment—of princely manners—of a remarkable talent for the management of all business, whether private or public—a perfect enthusiast for the House of Vipont, and aided by a marchioness in all respects worthy of him, he might be said to be the culminating flower of the venerable stem. But the present lord, succeeding to the title as a mere child, was a melancholy contrast, not only to his grandsire, but to the general character of his progenitors. Before his time every head of the House had

done something for it—even the most frivolous had contributed; one had collected the pictures, another the statues, a third the medals, a fourth had amassed the famous Vipont library; while others had at least married heiresses, or augmented, through ducal lines, the splendor of the interminable cousinhood. The present marquis was literally *nil*. The pith of the Viponts was not in him. He looked well, he dressed well; if life were only the dumb show of a tableau, he would have been a paragon of a Marquis. But he was like the watches we give to little children, with a pretty gilt dial-plate, and no works in them. He was thoroughly inert—there was no winding him up; he could not manage his property—he could not answer his letters—very few of them could he even read through. Politics did not interest him, nor literature, nor field-sports. He shot, it is true, but mechanically—wondering, perhaps, why he did shoot. He attended races, because the House of Vipont kept a racing stud. He bet on his own horses, but if they lost showed no vexation. Admirers (no Marquis of Montfort could be wholly without them) said, "What fine temper! what good-breeding!" it was nothing but constitutional apathy. No one could call him a bad man—he was not a profligate, an oppressor, a miser, a spendthrift; he would not have taken the trouble to be a bad man on any account. Those who beheld his character at a distance would have called him an exemplary man. The more conspicuous duties of his station, subscriptions, charities, the maintenance of grand establishments, the encouragement of the fine arts, were virtues admirably performed for him by others. But the phlegm or nullity of his being was not, after all, so complete as I have made it, perhaps, appear. He had one susceptibility which is more common with women than with men—the susceptibility to *pique*. His *amour propre* was unforgiving—pique that, and he could do a rash thing, a foolish thing, a spiteful thing—pique that, and, prodigious! the watch went! He had a rooted pique against his marchioness. Apparently he had conceived this pique from the very first. He showed it passively by supreme neglect; he showed it actively by removing her from all the spheres of power which naturally fall to the wife when the husband shuns the details of business. Evidently he had a dread lest any one should say, "Lady Montfort influences my lord." Accordingly, not only the management of his estates fell to Carr Vipont, but even of his gardens, his household, his domestic arrangements. It was Carr Vipont or Lady Selina who said to Lady Montfort, "Give a ball;" "You should ask so and so to dinner." "Montfort was much hurt to see the old lawn at the Twickenham Villa broken up by those new *bosquets*. True, it is settled on you as a jointure house, but for that very reason Montfort is sensitive," etc., etc. In fact, they were virtually as separated, my lord and my lady, as if legally disunited, and as if Carr Vipont and Lady Selina were trustees or intermediaries in any polite approach to each other. But, on the other hand, it is fair to say that where Lady Montfort's sphere of action did not interfere with her husband's plans, habits, likings, dislikings, jealous apprehensions, that she should be supposed to have any ascendency over what exclusively belonged to himself as *Roi faineant* of the Vipont's, she was left free as air. No attempt at masculine control or conjugal advice. At her disposal was wealth without stint—every luxury the soft could desire—every gewgaw the vain could covet. Had her pin-money, which was in itself the revenue of an ordinary peeress, failed to satisfy her wants—had she grown tired of wearing the family diamonds and coveted new gems from Golconda—a single word to Carr Vipont or Lady Selina would have been answered by a *carte blanche* on the Bank of England. But Lady Montfort had the misfortune not to be extravagant in her tastes. Strange to say, in the world Lord Montfort's marriage was called a love match; he had married a portionless girl, daughter to one of his poorest and obscurest cousins, against the uniform policy of the House of Vipont, which did all it could for poor cousins except marrying them to its chief. But Lady Montfort's conduct in these trying circumstances was admirable and rare. Few affronts can humiliate us unless we resent them—and in vain. Lady Montfort had that exquisite dignity which gives to submission the grace of cheerful acquiescence. That in the gay world flatterers should gather round a young wife so eminently beautiful, and so wholly left by her husband to her own guidance, was inevitable. But at the very first insinuated compliment or pathetic condolence, Lady Montfort, so meek in her household, was haughty enough to have daunted Lovelace. She was thus very early felt to be beyond temptation, and the boldest passed on nor presumed to tempt. She was unpopular; called "proud and freezing;" she did not extend the influence of The House; she did not confirm its fashion—fashion which necessitates social ease, and which no rank, no wealth, no virtue can of themselves suffice to give. And this failure on her part was a great offense in the eyes of the House of Vipont. "She does absolutely nothing for us," said Lady Selina; but Lady Selina in her heart was well pleased that to her in reality thus fell, almost without a rival, the female representation, in the great world, of the Vipont honors. Lady Selina was fashion itself.

Lady Montfort's social peculiarity was in the eagerness with which she sought the society of persons who enjoyed a reputation for superior intellect, whether statesmen, lawyers, authors, philosophers, artists. Intellectual intercourse seemed as if it was her native atmosphere, from which she was habitually banished, to which she returned with an instinctive yearning and a new zest of life; yet was she called, even here, nor seemingly without justice—capricious and unsteady in her likings. These clever personages, after a little while, all seemed to disappoint her expectations of them; she sought the acquaintance of each with cordial earnestness; slid from the acquaintance with weary languor; never, after all, less alone than when alone.

And so wondrous lovely! Nothing so rare as beauty of the high type; genius and beauty, indeed, are both rare; genius, which is the beauty of the mind—beauty, which is the genius of the body. But, of the two, beauty is the rarer. All of us can count on our fingers some forty or fifty persons of undoubted and illustrious genius, including those famous in action, letters, art. But can any of us remember to have seen more than four or five specimens of first-rate ideal beauty? Whosoever had seen Lady Montfort would have ranked her among such four or five in his recollection. There was in her face that lustrous dazzle to which the Latin poet, perhaps, refers when he speaks of the

> "Nitor
> Splendentis Pario marmore purius . . .
> Et voltus, nimium lubricus adspici,"

and which an English poet, with the less sensuous but more spiritual imagination of northern genius, has described in lines that an English reader may be pleased to see rescued from oblivion:

> "Her face was like the milky way i' the sky,
> A meeting of gentle lights without a name." *

The eyes so purely bright, the exquisite harmony of coloring between the dark (not *too* dark) hair, and the ivory of the skin; such sweet radiance in the lip when it broke into a smile. And it was said that in her maiden day, before Caroline Lindsay became Marchioness of Montfort, that smile was the most joyous thing imaginable. Absurd now; you would not think it, but that stately lady had been a wild, fanciful girl, with the merriest laugh and the quickest tear, filling the air round her with April sunshine. Certainly, no beings ever yet lived the life Nature intended them to live, nor had fair play for heart and mind, who contrived, by hook or by crook—to marry the wrong person!

* Suckling.

THE TEST.

THE room was old; the walls were gray;
  The floor was honeycombed with age;
On arras eaten with decay,
  Sad portraits shone of knight and sage.
Beneath a window which the sun
  Clove with a sword of crimson light,
There stood, as day was just begun,
  Old Abbas and his neophyte.

Then Abbas, the magician, said,
  Stroking the young man's golden hair,
"The vigil's past; the charm is bred;
  I hear the demons in the air.
Thy foot is on the mystic line,
  The mystic vapor yields thy breath.
Art thou prepared to give the sign
  That tests yon urn of Life or Death?

"Young Auriol, pause! Bethink thee well,
  That should thy soul from sin be free,
Sweet is the potence of the spell,
  And endless knowledge blooms for thee!
But if one base or foul desire
  Within its secret cells doth burn,
Thou'rt victim of the demon's fire!
  Thou know'st the pact. There lies the urn!"

Young Auriol raised his scornful head,
  Proud as when eagle dares the sun;
"I fear nor God nor fiend!" he said.
  "Old Magus, see! the deed is done!"
He seized the alabaster vase
  That near him on the tripod stood;
He quaffed—a thunder-clap—a blaze!
  And Abbas' feet were bathed in blood!

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAID'S LIFE.

WELL, then (began my aunt), I am going to tell the history of an old maid's life; but before I come to my heroine, and she is but a poor heroine, I must speak of her as a girl. I will not tell you her real name, it would be useless; could do no good, and might do harm; call her Caroline or Carrie. She lived with her father, a widower, in a pretty little cottage in Devonshire that I have seen, and which is a most lovable place—many miles from here where I am speaking—and all Carrie's anxiety and her father's was the well-being of the only son of the house, who was away from home a long way. He was supposed to be doing very well and steadily, but his father and sister in the little Devonshire cottage were often uneasy about him.

Carrie's life was a very peaceful and honest one; she helped the servants in their work, and that finished, made her garden smart. Carrie was not a beauty; she was fairly good-looking, and fairly good-tempered, and with large notions of honor and candor implanted in her by her father. She was about twenty when the history of her life—if I may so term it—began. She was plucking the dead leaves of a geranium, when the distant and slow clatter of a horse's hoofs became very rapid and near. In another moment a horse and rider tore past, the animal's eyes starting from its head, and the rider vainly trying to hold him in. He was young and fairly handsome; of course, Carrie did not mark those qualities as he was carried past, but she had opportunities of doing so after, poor girl!

Attracted by the clatter, a man-servant came out from a barn into the road, his flail streaming behind him, and shading his eyes from the sun with one hand. Suddenly he started, and ran, as the clattering stopped for a moment and then began more loudly than before.

The girl also ran out into the road, and, looking down it, she saw a gentleman lying immovable, while the riderless horse was disappearing in the distance. She called to another man-servant and then herself ran down the road. Stooping, she saw that he breathed. She put his hair away from his forehead, which was quite cold, and then, seeing the servants standing about her, she asked them to lift the senseless gentleman up and carry him to the house. Her own bedroom being on the ground-floor—indeed it was really a parlor—and being nearest, she directed the men to carry the sufferer into it, and he was laid upon her bed. He soon came to, and looked wildly about him; but he quickly comprehended his position, for he smiled on the girl as he closed his eyes—it was as he opened them that Carrie saw that they were blue.

Soon the village doctor was at hand; there was no great harm done, the gentleman's shoulder was slightly injured—a few days' rest where he was and all would be well.

When Carrie's father came home, the tramp of his sure-footed horse was heard a long way down the road. He approved strongly of his daughter's work, but he wondered she had had the stranger taken into her room; why not taken into a visitor's room?—there were several spare rooms.

The girl said, "It was the nearest room."

"Well, well," said the father, "let him stay there!"

The case was more troublesome than the village doctor thought; so said the physician from the town near at hand. The patient had to "stay there" some weeks instead of days. When he recovered from the shock of the fall sufficiently to converse, he spoke to those about him in a perfectly kind manner, and yet with a sense of superiority upon him, as though to speak so familiarly was a condescension. This mood lasted for three days, during which Carrie chiefly attended on him, for the women-servants of the house had enough to attend to, it being harvest-time.

It was the end of the third day, and Carrie had just taken a tea-tray from the table beside which the injured young fellow was lying, when he said—

"Miss Carrie—for I do not know your other name—you and your father seem very superior people to live in so pokey a place as this; not, to be sure, but what the place is pleasant enough, but still, it *is* small, is not it?"

Carrie said "Yes," and smiled. She added, "But only my father and I live in it; we would sooner have it as it is—'tis so cozy."

"Your father is a farmer, I presume, Miss Carrie?"

"Well—yes—Sir."

"You only seem to give your answer with half admission."

"I mean to say my father *is* a farmer, but that there is no absolute need for him to be so."

"Oh, indeed," said the patient, with increasing interest; "a gentleman farmer."

"Yes; just so."

"May I ask your father's name?"

"F——."

"Any relation to the Taunton F——s?"

"My father is one of the grandsons of the late Sir Thomas—the younger son of a younger son."

"I'm glad to hear that," said he, heartily, "most glad. And now, I suppose you would like to hear my name?"

His listener smiled.

"Or perhaps you would not like to hear my name?"

"Indeed, Sir, I have no right to expect to hear it; we were so fortunate as to be near you when you were thrown, and more fortunate to receive you here."

"It is I who have been fortunate."

"We should be most fortunate to help any one in such a strait as you were."

"Oh! *any* one."

"Yes, indeed; surely."

"Ah! then you don't care to hear my name?"

"Perhaps you do not care to tell it." (A laugh.)

"Well, perhaps not; have you found it out from my card-case?"

"No, indeed."

"I beg your pardon; my inquiry was most vulgar. I meant to intimate you might have opened the case in order to communicate with my friends."

"Nay, Sir; you came to yourself so quickly there was no need to do any thing of the kind."

"Ah; you have no wish, I see, to hear my name. But don't, don't think it is the same as that of those vulgar people to whom I sent the letter on the night of the accident."

"Do you know they have not sent to inquire after you?"

"I begged them not to send."

"And they have obeyed!"

The gentleman looked up, surprised for a moment; then smiling gayly again, he said, "Well, call me Mr. Frederic—"

"Very well, Mr. Frederic," said Carrie; and then, having handed him some newspapers, she was about to leave the room.

"Are you going, Miss Carrie?"

"Yes; can I do any thing more before I leave the room?"

"No, no; good-night, good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Frederic."

And she was gone.

He did not read the papers; he smiled; dreamed awake; bit his nails; sighed; he said he "sighed" a week after that evening.

Two or three days more went on; then the following conversation took place, at the same hour as the first:

"Miss Carrie, do you believe in love at first sight?"

Laughing, because she was frank, homely, and possibly not vain, she said, "Hardly."

"You don't think that you could love at first sight?"

"No."

"Ah!"

"No, really."

"But why should not you as well as any other young lady?"

"I don't think that any young lady ever *did* love at first sight."

"No! Do you think a man could love at first sight?"

"I can't say, Mr. Frederic."

"Do you think I could, I mean?"

"How should I know, Mr. Frederic?"

It is a question whether she did or did not: surely any girl can tell an admirer.

"Do you know, Miss Carrie, I am going to write to my father?"

"Oh! you have a father?"

"Yes; not that I need write to him for permission to act. I'm of age, Miss Carrie."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I'm twenty-four."

"Indeed!"

"May I ask how old *you* are?"

"I, Mr. Frederic! I'm twenty, nearly."

"I'm going to speak about you in the letter."

"And—and about my father too?"

"Oh! I'm going to speak of you all; even Sir Thomas."

There really is no need to report any more of those short-sentenced conversations; let me say shortly that, a fortnight from the date of his fall, Mr. Frederic had his arm round Carrie's waist just after he told her she must be his wife if she wished his happiness; and I suppose she did, for, under conditions, she promised to be married to him.

She did not fall in love at first sight, as he had done; but she grew to love him day by day; and when he made his small, manly confession, she had grown to love him with a strong, earnest, undemonstrative affection—an affection which, once fostered, can never be destroyed, is never jealous—a wholly different affection to that love at first sight, which is most distrustful, and most miserably jealous.

Then he told her his name; I will not tell it here; but it was one of the greatest of English names. He was but a younger son, yet he was very rich.

Then Carrie, in all her new confidence, told of her brother, younger than her by two years; told how they were anxious about him, how he was always wanting money, how he was the best of boys, only extravagant, and easily led away.

Said Mr. Frederic, "We will look after him when we get to town." Then the young gentleman showed her a letter from his father, and pointed out a sentence where the writer said he was sure his son was not designing to injure the family name in marrying Carrie. "So you see," he added, "I was thoughtful enough to get my father's consent before I got yours."

Said Carrie, "And now you must talk to my father." He did speak to her father then and there, and showed him his father's letter.

"Let me think of all this," said the gentleman; "let me have a night to think it all over."

Then the night came.

If I were to tell the tale as it next touched Carrie, the whole matter would appear as mysterious to you as it did to her; but I will tell it in the clearest manner.

That same night the lover had fallen asleep full of happy thoughts, when he was awoke by a slight tap on the glass of the slightly-opened window. It was a French window opening upon a lawn.

It was moonlight. He started, and sat up in bed. He could see nothing at the window; so, assuring himself that he was still suffering from the slight fever that supervened upon the accident, he lay down again, and turned away his head from the light.

Another moment, and again he heard the tapping. Again he started; and there, standing in the moonlight, near the window, was a slightly-made young fellow, with yellow mustaches and long, thick hair, shadowed with a broad, slouching hat.

He trembled, poor fellow, as he looked; for he felt sure the man was no house-thief, no robber; he trembled, for he yet suffered from his illness, and was weak, and with great effort only he stood upon the floor. Then he saw the eyes of the night-visitor looking through the glass, and then he heard a young, boyish voice say, "Carrie, dear Carrie!"

He raised his hand, meaning to run to the window and dash his hand through the glass upon the searching face; but again his weakness prevailed, and he moved only a few steps; yet he came forward enough to show his white figure to the searching, eager eyes.

"Dear Carrie, don't be afraid; it is *I*; it is *I*. Hush! don't make a noise, or they might hear us. Come to me, Carrie; open the window." As he spoke he kissed the window near his lips.

The sound maddened the man; he rushed forward; he reached the window; the eyes were still looking through, when he felt he was falling, and as he did so the face came close against the glass. The stranger then, uttering a faint cry, started back, and fled over the grass, and through a gap in the hedge.

When he came back to a knowledge of his trouble, the pale day was stealing over the room. As he wearily climbed to his feet, and staggeringly leaned against the window-post, he asked himself "Could it be true? had any one been there? Had not his fever been brought back by the events of the night? *Was* she not honest?"

Then he thought, if he could only have a proof. He opened the door; and there before him, at his feet, lay a proof indeed—a sure, certain proof—a boot-mark in the narrow bed between the door and the grass-plat; the mark of a fine, delicate boot—a mark that crushed his heart down, as it told him the savage, shameful truth.

He dressed himself, and after setting his heel

upon the mark, and crushing it out, he turned to the morning-breeze for a little consolation. As he turned he looked upon the grass; another proof lying there was a half-smoked cigar, bitten through and through. Then he remembered that as he fell the man crept through a gap in the hedge; he went to the hedge and marked that near the opening, through which a slight man could easily creep, the earth had been broken down.

How should he act? Should he pass as the thief had passed, and go his way? Should he leave her to guess the truth? He *would* go! But he could not; so he went back to the room—her room—sat down, and wept bitterly for the life which had left him. At last a servant tapped at the door; but he gave so faint an answer that the girl asked if he had grown worse during the night.

He said No; and that he would come to the breakfast-parlor at once.

He opened the parlor-door. She was there, and met him with a smile. He stood irresolutely. She wonderingly looked at him.

"So," he said, and said the word so harshly that she flinched back as though she had been struck. "So you can look at me!"

"Look at you!"

"Oh! it's a just return for the life I have led. I should feel what I do feel."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought that if I married you—if I left the people of my station in life, I should find a simple, honest girl, whose heart should be wholly mine. I did not think to find a smiling hypocrite."

"Great God!"

"Oh, you may act; but I can see behind the fair curtain of your breast, and mark well the blackness there."

"He is mad!"

"Mad! Oh, no. I may be, perhaps, in time. Look me in the face. You can? steadily? She is able! Well, what do you say now? Am I mad?"

"No; quite sane."

"Will you believe what I am going to say?"

"Of me?"

"No; of myself."

"Speak."

"I would sooner die than marry you, you monster. I would sooner beat you to pieces, though I should have to come near you, to touch you, to do so."

"Do *not* come near me. Do *not* touch me."

"I need no biddance. Good-by! I abhor you; but I say good-by, not for your sake, but my own. Good-by to our lives' happiness. You are worthless."

"*Our* lives' happiness. Ah! then you do not say good-by to your love alone. If you fell at my knees; took them in your arms, and laid your forehead on them, and bade me trample on your face, I could not forgive you now. You have made me proud and harsh: but presently, presently, when you are away, I will forgive you. As a proof; if ever you want a great friend in great need, come to me. You will be sorry soon, I fear, for what you now say and do; though I hope not, for your sake. I will not ask to know what your trouble is; I do not care to know since you have condemned me unheard. See, I say good-by now, good-by: yet always remember, in your great need I am your great friend."

Then he went.

Carrie's father soon came in, and saw his child sitting alone. She told him her young husband was dead to her henceforth, and prayed her father never to name him more; and her father, who had known early trouble, respected her wish.

The day had half gone when a servant brought Carrie a mysterious note. Opening it, she started, took a heavy purse from her desk, and left the house.

She walked on quickly till she came near the village, and then, turning down a lone lane, kept on till she came to a poor house. She raised the latch, when the youth who had stood near the window ran forward, and catching her in his arms, said, as he kissed her heartily, "Carrie! my own dear Carrie; come to me at last!"

And this scene the poor lover saw from the wood across the road; for after leaving Carrie he thought he ought to have questioned her; he was returning to the house when he saw her coming down the road; he watched her, and he saw what he thought was confirmation of his suspicions. He heard the boy speak, and the spirit of Cain was on him. Should he murder them both? Then he said they were not worth a thought; and, with a curse, he fled through the wood, rapidly.

And what said the girl when inside the poor cottage? Thus: "Oh, my brother! Oh, my dear, dear brother!"

The boy, a medical student, had angered his father, through requests for repeated sums of money, and he had come down to his sister, being pressed by his creditors, to borrow of her. She had money of her own.

Carrie gave him her money, and he went back to town, happy. He did not think to tell her that he had tapped at her window on the past night.

The girl went home to begin her woman's life of grief—quiet, uncomplaining, hopelessly sad.

She had led this life for some months, when her father, hoping to dissipate her sadness, asked a relative in London to invite his child to town. Carrie wearily accepted the invitation, and went to town. Her relative, a thorough Londoner, knew her business perfectly well, and had the melancholy girl half over London in no time. She introduced Carrie to several gentlemen; but Carrie didn't care about the gentlemen, nor the gentlemen about Carrie; for though she tried to please them, she never did. Perhaps they were all of one pattern.

One night, about a week after Carrie had been in town, her relative took her to the Opera. They had not been long in the house, when the relative, Mrs. Mythson, remarked upon the entry of a most beautiful lady into a box on the grand tier. They had not sat much longer, when one of the gentlemen of whose acquaintance Mrs. Mythson was so proud came to the door, and, upon being permitted to enter, volunteered small scandal.

Said he, "That is Lady ——. She is a lady in her own right. She's married to a commoner of good birth—Mr. Frederic ——."

Carrie turned pale as she heard the name, for it was that of the man who had asked her to be his wife.

"And they *do* say," said the small scandalizer, "that she flirts a great deal too much for a married woman. As for her husband, he is very seldom with her; he goes his way, and she goes hers. They have only been married a month; and there is a pretty life for you!"

"Who is that bending to her now?"

"That? That is Sir Germain Roi, a dissipated young guardsman. They *do* say she once had a liking for him."

"Dear me! dear me!"

"Ah! it's a way they have in the upper world," said the gentleman, mistily.

"Dear me! dear me!"

And the curtain rose on the second act.

After that night the gentlemen found Carrie much more pleasant; nay, a week or so, and one of them proposed. She refused him at one sad crash.

Mrs. Mythson was disgusted. "A man," she said, "that any girl might have been proud to marry; her best friend."

Carrie, after that, went home to her father; and she fell into her quiet, useful, monotonous life. At the end of six months more a letter came from the son in town, saying he had been severely struck by a madman, and that he must come down in the country to get right again.

THE LATE COMMODORE M. C. PERRY, U. S. N.

He came down by coach, and Carrie met him, with the little family chaise, at the setting-down place.

Seated in the chaise, and driving home, he told his sister of the encounter, which had led to the fracture of one of his ribs.

Said he: "'Gad! he was down on me like a shot. I was in Regent Street, with a chap; he started from the other side, seized me, said, 'So I do see you at last!' and, without more ado, he crashed me on the pavement. Of course my friend gave him into custody, and he was locked up. As for me, I was carried straight to our hospital. Next day a magistrate came and took my examination; and I heard from Harry, the chap who was with me, that when the queer customer heard my name he screamed so as to frighten the magistrate, who, I hear, behaved very politely to him. They let the poor fellow go; he was mad, it seems; and he was taken away by his wife—a lady, by Jove!—a lady by title."

"Edmund, what was his name? Do you know?"

And Carrie's brother, knowing, told her. It was her old lover who had beaten her brother down.

"There's the old house," said the youth, as the house came in sight; "there's the old house, and there's your bedroom window, at which I stood that night."

"At which you stood?"

"Yes, when I came down for that money."

"At which you stood?"

"Yes; it used to be your bedroom, used it not? 'Gad, when I tapped at the window, and a man's face—a visitor's, I suppose—came toward me, instead of your own pleasant little one, I turned, and was off through the gap in the hedge like a shot."

"Oh, Edmund, if you only knew what you have done! Oh, Edmund! oh, Edmund!"

"Why, Carrie, Carrie!"

For the poor girl was weeping bitterly.

She then told him the whole sad truth, which she had but just learned; and Carrie's sorrows then did some good, for it made her brother more considerate for her, and made him, perhaps, a great deal better than he was before.

So she remained, unwedded, in her father's house—kind to all who sought her kindness, unobtrusive, thoughtful, almost unselfish. So she lived for five years, and rather better, when she had a trust put upon her—a trust which she very joyfully undertook.

One night she was waiting for her father's return from dinner at a neighbor's, when a carriage stopped at the door; and thinking it was her father, she ran out to the hall-door, and opened it herself; and before her stood a haggard-looking man, carrying a sleeping child, wrapped in a great white shawl.

"Carrie, do you know me?"

"You—my—my—"

He stooped down on one knee, bearing the sleeping child on the other.

"Let my little girl plead for me, for I dare not plead for myself. Let us come in, Carrie."

"Come in—oh, pray come in!"

As he rose his head drooped forward; then he stepped on, and stood in the house which he had so madly left those years before. She took him by the hand, and led him into the very room at the window of which he had seen the eager face—the very room which she had had turned into a sitting-room, and in which she passed almost all her time.

He shaded his eyes from the window, and sat down, still with his child in his arms.

"This is your letter, Carrie?" he said, taking a paper from the bosom of his dress.

"Yes, I sent it you a long while ago, and after my brother told me what he did. Ah me! how could you have been so rash?"

The letter only contained these words:

"Remember, in your greatest need I am your greatest friend."

"Oh, Carrie, if I ask you to forgive me now, will you?"

"I forgave you the very day you left me, now so long ago."

"And you have not married?"

"Not married."

"And have remained single for my sake, I feel sure."

"Yes, for your sake."

"Oh, Carrie, when I knew that it was your brother who had stood at the window, I thought I should die—I thought I should die!"

"We can live through much trouble, my old sweet-heart."

"Carrie, I am a widower."

"Is she dead, poor lady?" And a blush came over the countenance.

"Alas! no."

"Then how can you look on me—oh, Heaven! how can you look on me?"

For all answer he laid the child he had till now carried on her lap; and for all answer she took it up, and drew it to her breast.

"I know, Carrie, I know quite well, that when I say the little child is mine, it need not be yours also for you to lavish on it a mother's care. Carrie, it is an orphan child. Let the love you once had for me descend upon it."

"Where are you going?"

"Where am I going? Oh, it is no brother's face now, searching eagerly through a window for a gentle sister. No, no, my wife that should have been—the future mother of my child—there is no miserable mistake this time. Oh, Carrie, it was as much your fault as mine. You were almost as proud as I was jealous. Why did you not tell me to explain? Why did I not explain?"

"Poor child!" said Carrie, stooping down and kissing the little sleeping face; "poor child!"

"Poor! no, richer than she ever has been; for she has a mother's care now, and that she has never had. No, no—not poor. Carrie, let her bear your name, and let her lose the one she has. Oh, let her bear your name, and let me think her yours as well as mine!"

"Think as you will, for I do will as you."

"And you will never undeceive her?"

"What do you ask?"

"I ask you, ever call her yours."

"I ever will."

"Carrie, kiss her lips."

She did; then the father kissed them.

"I will not say good-by; I said it once before. No, Carrie, not good-by. Turn your face from me, and let me go."

She turned away from him, still holding the child, and then waited a little. She thought she felt the long hanging sleeve of her dress touched for a moment, and she thought she felt a warm breath upon her arm; but she was never sure of this. Yet a moment, and she heard the rattle of carriage-wheels; she turned then, and saw that he was gone. In exchange for the child he had given her, he had carried off the flowers she had been arranging when he came to the house.

The little child awoke, and after a very little fear at finding herself in a strange place, fell asleep again upon her new mother's neck, about which she placed one of her tiny arms. So she sat, with the child, till her father came home.

The aged gentleman started at the sight he saw upon entering his house; but his daughter's smile assured him.

"I have gained a pleasant care since you left the house, father."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you remember the day whose history I prayed you never to talk of more, father?"

"Yes."

"Ah well, this child grew out of that sad day—he married; this is his child; he has brought her to me. You can guess the rest, dear father."

So from that time the child was reared in the same name as Carrie's. It was given out that she was a dead sister's child; and the child called her Mamma, and believed her so until she died—for the little thing died, died with her arm round her new mother's neck—died with her arm as it had lain on that first night of her coming home, when her child's fear passed into confidence in the newly-found friend.

As for the child's father, he, poor fellow! was dead. Carrie went on the Continent to see his grave—it is well kept to this day.

THE LATE COMMODORE PERRY, U.S.N.

WE present our readers above with a portrait of the late MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, Commodore in the United States Navy, who died at his residence in this city on 4th instant, at the age of sixty-three years.

Commodore Perry was born in 1795, at South Kingston, Rhode Island. His father became an officer of the navy in 1798; and his four sons followed his example. Of these, one became famous as the hero of Lake Erie—Oliver H. Perry; the others have left no historical name. Matthew entered the navy in 1809, and made his first cruise in the schooner *Revenge*. It is believed that, though he was subsequently attached to the *President*, under Commodore Rogers, he served with his brother on Lake Erie, and during the terrible fight which won the latter his high fame, he passed through the squadron in a small boat after the *Lawrence* was disabled, and aided his brother in hoisting his flag on the *Niagara*.

He joined the *President* in 1814, and after a brief service on board the *Chippewa* was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained a couple of years and won his rank as lieutenant.

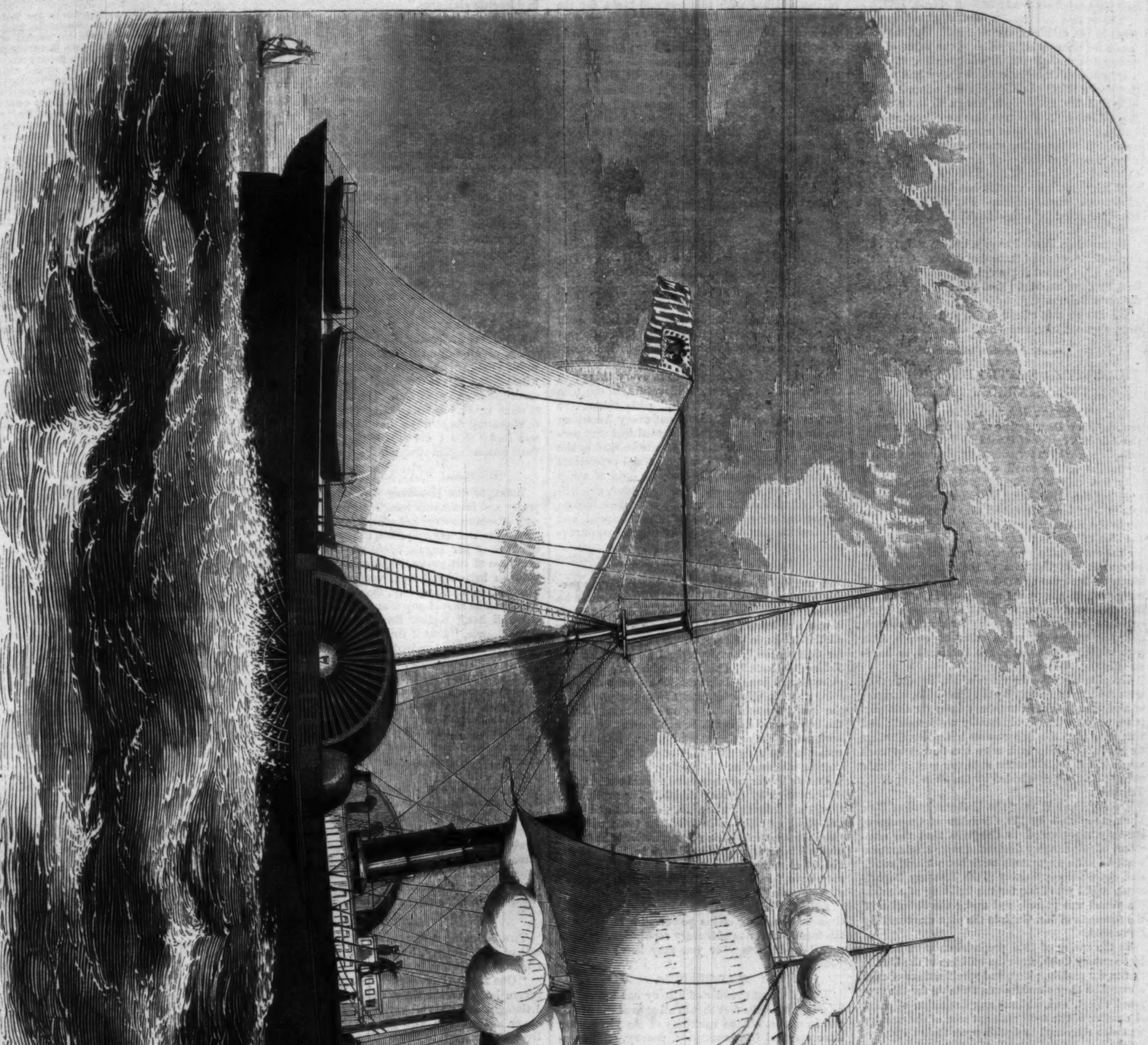
In August, 1819, he was ordered to the ship *Cyane*, which was sent to the coast of Africa to aid the efforts of the Colonization Society in its attempt to found a settlement of free blacks upon the island of Sherbro, near Sierra Leone. The mortality at Sherbro was so great that it became evident no colony could be planted there; and Lieutenant Perry selected Mesurado Cape as a more suitable locality for a town. He therefore fixed the locality of the first settlement of Liberia. In May, 1821, Lieutenant Perry was put in command of the schooner *Shark*, in which vessel he twice visited the colony of Mesurado. In the same vessel he also cruised the waters of the West Indies, and captured several pirates.

On his return he was again attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained until 1824, when he was ordered to the *North Carolina*, in which vessel, under Commodore Rogers, he served as First Lieutenant, and Captain of the Fleet, during her whole cruise in the Mediterranean. He was then promoted to the rank of Commander, and took charge of the recruiting service at Boston, where he continued until 1830, when he took command of the corvette *Concord*, in which he conveyed John Randolph as United States Minister to St. Petersburg.

The next important service of Commodore Perry was a tour of inspection through Europe to visit the dock-yards and light-houses, and collect from personal inspection such facts as might be useful in improving those departments of the United States service. Early in 1839 he submitted his report to the Government, and resumed his duties as Superintendent of Gun Practice, and in preparing plans for the construction and equipment of the *Missouri* and the *Mississippi*, the first large ocean-steamers in our navy.

In 1846 he sailed in the squadron that was to operate against Mexico, and on the retirement of Captain Conner took the chief command. He directed the bombardment of Vera Cruz, and General Scott cordially recognized the value of his cooperation in his dispatches.

The service which has done the most for Commodore Perry's fame was the Japan Expedition



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER "HARRIET LANE."

He sailed from New York on 24th November, 1852, and negotiated his treaty on 31st March, 1854.

The events and results of that expedition are fresh in the minds of our readers. Various opinions have been entertained as to the value of that undertaking; but the Administration, at least, were satisfied that Commodore Perry had carried out every thing the Government expected from him, and Mr. Fillmore is known to have so expressed himself. It is true that he did not succeed in negotiating a treaty of commerce with the Japanese, but perhaps they were not prepared for such a progressive measure at that time. The late Commodore was one of the Naval Board of fifteen at Washington whose action has been the occasion of so much animadversion. But no officer of that board regretted more than he did having any thing to do with it.

Commodore Perry leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters. One of the sons is now Consul at Hong Kong. Of the daughters, two are married (Mrs. John Hone and Mrs. Auguste Belmont).

He was an able officer, of fine appearance, courteous, open manner, and genial disposition.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER "HARRIET LANE."

MR. SECRETARY SPENCER, when at the head of the Treasury Department of the United States in the Administration of President Tyler, seeing the defective provision for enforcing the revenue laws by means of the small cutters—which had the duty not only of preventing smuggling but of coercing the filibustering or other refractory vessels in American ports, and also of affording succor to the distressed and shipwrecked—conceived the idea of creating steam-vessels as a substitute for the small sailing schooners until then universally used. At the time of their first establishment, in fleetness as sea-boats and in facility of management, they were unsurpassed; but by the introduction of steam their prestige vanished. They could no longer rule the seas; for a steam-vessel, disregarding winds, could enter or escape from port while they were either becalmed or headed off.

Excellent as were the views of Mr. Spencer, they were rendered nugatory by the miserable character of the vessels (six in number) built for this purpose, which were all ultimately condemned; and since this time the Department has suffered things to gradually slide back with the failure of each steamer, till the old cutter schooner was again the only arm of power wielded by the Secretary of the Treasury.

During the last year the Underwriters of New York, supported by the Chamber of Commerce, strongly represented to Congress that the commerce of this country demanded more efficient protection. The arguments were not without avail, and, despite the opposition of the Treasury Department, a bill providing for the building of a suitable vessel was passed, and under the direction of the successor of Mr. Guthrie the plan was cordially forwarded.

In the spring of 1857 propositions were invited by Secretary Cobb, from the builders of the United States, for models, plans, and specifications of such a vessel as they should deem suitable for the proposed object, and without any limitation of price. A number of the most eminent men of the country was also convened to decide upon their respective merits.

As might have been expected, numerous propositions were made. It was justly considered that the man to whom the contract was awarded, by a board of impartial officers, would be considered as the first man in his profession—one which in loftiness ranks with that of the heaven-inspired sculptor, and, when considered by its utility, is far superior.

Thirteen plans were presented from the most eminent builders in this country, no one of any note failing to enter the *concours*.

As this was the first time in the history of the American marine that an opportunity was afforded to the ship-builders of the country to present models and plans for comparison, every effort was made by the competitors to secure the contract. The decision was made after a prolonged and careful study of the various models, plans, and specifications, and a *unanimous* recommendation was made by this scientific committee of the model of Mr. William H. Webb, and, in accordance with this decision, the contract was awarded to him by Secretary Cobb.

This decision of the Committee was very satisfactory to the New York Chamber of Commerce and Underwriters. To them William H. Webb was known as the *builder of more tons of vessels than any other man that has ever lived in any age;* that his vessels have no superiors either at the insurance offices or with practical sea-captains and sailors. He is also the son and successor in business of the late Isaac Webb, Esq., who was a pupil and for many years a partner of Eckford, the celebrated constructor of a great number of American vessels, including part of Commodore Perry's fleet on Lake Erie, and of a great number of vessels in the Turkish navy. The inheritance, education, and practical experience of Mr. Webb were thus guarantees of his success in this new undertaking. The public can now judge for themselves whether grace or power is wanting. A drawing can but feebly show the lines of beauty in a ship, yet from the cut presented our readers on another page some idea may be formed of her exquisite symmetry. She is indeed a model of sea loveliness, capable of charming even so accomplished a connoisseur as Neptune himself.

At the instance of Mr. Cobb she is named the *Harriet Lane*, in honor of the niece of President Buchanan, the accomplished lady who now so gracefully does the honors of the White House.

She is a side-wheel vessel of 650 tons, propelled by two inclined engines, each of 42-inch cylinder, seven feet stroke, and brig rigged. She has three cabins, finished with neatness and taste, for the use of the captain and other officers, and room in the steerage for a crew of sixty to eighty men; especial reference being made for the accommodation of the rescued officers, passengers, and crews of wrecked vessels. She is pierced for ten guns.

The vessel, as delivered to the Government by Mr. Webb, is not only fully provided with the usual necessary equipments, but also with spare supplies for the aid and relief of vessels in distress and danger.

Her cost is $150,000. She is to be stationed in New York, and is commanded by Captain John Faunce, for many years an able captain in the United States Revenue Service.

Miscellany.

AMERICANIZATION OF THE WORLD.

THOMAS MOORE, in his Diary of the year 1838, records a breakfast-table remark of Lord John Russell, which some future Macaulay, dwelling on this era, may expand with curious and felicitous illustration. "Lord John spoke of the tendency of the world now to *Americanize* in every thing; in the form of government, in literature, in the tone of society, etc. The remark," adds Moore, "I fear, is but too just." Does not every American reader at home and traveler abroad feel and perceive that the future of Europe is to be read in the present of America? The doubts and aspirations of English legislation, for instance, and of many purely social questions, have long been the truisms and realities of America. But when Europe attains our present standard of personal, social, and political freedom, at what period of progress or revolution shall we be?

A TASTE FOR LITERATURE.

A GREAT epicure having bought a library, a person was remarking, in Foote's company, that he wondered what the purchaser could do with it, as it was well known that he preferred a *good table* to all the books in the world. "It may be partly for that reason," neatly replied Foote; "for the *Table of Contents*." This is wit which is something more than a pun. It might be a pun without a sting; but in this case, apart from the play upon the word, it would be a just and severe remark on the buyer of books which he can not use, or, at the best, use unfairly as an index-hunter. But the pun comes in and adds the grace of wit to a sensible, cutting observation.

Foote's literary thrusts have never been surpassed—not even by Sydney Smith. The prolific author, the Irishman in London, dramatist and what not—Hugh Kelley—who filled the town with his publications, once visiting Foote, noticed the smallness of his library. "Why," says he, "I have got almost as many books myself!" "Perhaps you may have," said Foote; "but consider, you *read* all you *write*."

Kelley, who was also a journalist, at another time was boasting of his power as a reviewer in the free distribution of literary reputation. "Take care," said Foote, "or you may leave none for yourself."

SELF-HELPERS.

THE observant reader of history can not fail to be struck with the fact that in all ages of the world, and in almost all the countries of the globe, men have emerged from obscurity, penury, and ignorance, and by their own unassisted exertions have attained for themselves positions of distinction, wealth, and enlightenment. Such men are emphatically self-helpers. Such are the men whose lives are briefly related in our "Poverty and Genius." While others have been patiently occupying their original positions as if some ban or spell prevented them from occupying any others, these men have pushed onward, and by their energy and enterprise arrived at the goal of their ambition. While others have been deploring their condition, and sighing over their limited advantages, these men have set to work and bravely achieved for themselves those privileges which birth denied them. While others have been idly waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, these men have labored hard to turn it up, and up it has turned to reward their honorable exertions.

In looking back on the lives of great men, we are taught that man by his unaided exertions may perform more wonderful achievements than were ever wrought by the imagined hero of an Oriental fabulist. They have called light out of darkness; they have made fortunes out of nothing; they have attained positions such as birth could not bestow and the proudest noble might envy.

And they have done this in all sorts of positions, in every branch of occupation, and in spite of every description of disadvantage.

They came forth from the work-shop, the carpenter's shed, the smithy, the factory; they came from the field, the mine, and the sheep-cote; they laid aside the hammer, the saw, the chisel, the harrow, the plow, the spade, the crook, the needle, the awl; they left the forecastle, and the barrack, and the servants' hall; no matter what position they occupied at first, they came out of it, left it far behind, rose to a new life, moved in a new world, were elevated to an altitude which they never anticipated, and were blessed with an immortality for which they had never dared to hope.

DOMESTIC QUIETUDE.

LET fathers and mothers ponder over the following: "Indeed, where the life of the home is neglected there is no true manliness. Fathers! whose sons are growing up miserable shoots of dissipation, what nourishment have their best faculties received at home? Mothers! whose daughters are happy only in the whirl of vanity and extravagance, what has been their example? Members of fashionable society! there is not only excess, but inexpressible evil, in any method of amusement that breaks up domestic quietude, and leaves no time for domestic responsibility, and no delight in domestic pleasures."

TREE-FROGS.

MR. BUCKLAND, son of the late Dean, tells the following amusing story: "Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green tree-frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and, after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made seemed, in the closed compartment of the coach, quite deafening. Well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times."

CHARACTER AT A WATER CURE.

NEXT to our Hamburg friend sat a tolerably pretty and intolerably haughty Prussian lady, the wife of some government official, and therefore, according to German etiquette, always addressed by the title of her august husband. She sometimes made use of our grave neighbor as an interpreter between herself and our Georgian; and once she signified, in a jesting way, that when she came to America she should pay him a visit.

"Tell her," replied Burroughs, with Oriental magnificence, "that if she will come and see me I will give her five hundred negroes to wait on her."

The old Hamburger, incapable of suspecting a joke, opened his eyes to an unaccustomed extent at such an extravagance of hospitality. "I think," said he, after a moment's reflection, "that five would be better than five hundred."

They told us of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us, for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. Priessnitz pointed to the cistern, and bade him get into it. "Never!" he thundered; and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man in the same situation is said to have fallen on his knees before Priessnitz, exclaiming, "Oh Sir, remember that I have a wife and children!"—*De Forest's European Acquaintance.*

EVIL-SPEAKING.

THE following anecdote is related of the late excellent J. J. Gurney, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle:

"One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil-speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark, speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely,

"'Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?'

"I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked,

"'Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?'

"'Oh yes, I know some good things; but—'

"'Would it not have been better, then, to relate those good things than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there *is* good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity," thou knowest?'"

THE TRIBES OF NORTH AFRICA.

AT the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society in London Dr. Barth delivered a lecture on the tribes of Northern Africa, in their relations to the ancient Phœnicians. The portion of Africa to which he directed the attention of his audience extends from the Southern limits of Algeria and Tripoli to the banks of the Niger, and is occupied by a variety of tribes, of whom the Tawareks are predominant. That tribe is far more warlike than the others, whom it has subjugated. Dr. Barth said the Tawareks are so hostile to Europeans generally that he was the first who had dwelt among them and returned alive. During his residence in that portion of the country he had been enabled to trace, by a variety of indications, their Asiatic origin, and to arrive at the conclusion that they were the descendants of Ham. Dr. Barth conceives that the first emigration of these tribes of Northern Africa took place two thousand five hundred years before Christ; and he referred to Genesis x. to show that his recent researches confirmed the statements there made respecting the emigration of the first families of man. A very remarkable custom of the Tawareks is the observance of monogamy, in opposition to the practice of polygamy common among the other tribes of Africa. Another peculiarity of the tribe is the silence they observe respecting their dead.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE ladies of the congregation of Dr. Peddie, Edinburgh, lately determined to present the Doctor with a pulpit gown. The Doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church: "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The Doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, Sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown!" The Doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

"Now, then;" exclaimed an enraged creditor, "when are we going to have a settlement, Sir?"

"We have had a settlement," coolly responded the debtor, as he crossed his legs on the table, and knocked the ashes from his cigar."

"It is false, Sir. I have never been able to get a settlement out of you; but now I'm determined to have it."

"My good Sir, you are mistaken. I called on you last week for the purpose of closing the affair. I then *meant* to *settle*, and of course that was a *settle meant*."

The Philadelphia *Gazette*, speaking of a new *prima donna*, says: "Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of slop-shop pantaloons."

Quoth Smith to Jones, it really is a sin
You do not get your pretty house fenced in;
Quoth Jones, you're wrong; the place is fenced, confound it,
My wife is all the time a *railing* round it.

It is an extraordinary fact, that when people come to what is commonly called high words they generally use low language.

A correspondent of the Vicksburg *Sun*, writing from Bolivar County, tells of a chap at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt, set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Bar-keeper."

PROCRASTINATION.

If Fortune, with a smiling face,
Strew roses in our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.

But should she frown with face of care,
Or talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

What did the cat say, as she looked out of the window when the ark got aground?
"*Is that 'ar a rat?*"

Ex-Governor Morton, of Massachusetts, and his son, are both members of the Legislature, as they were of the Constitutional Convention of 1855. A Boston paper has the following incident connected with the election of the Sergeant-at-Arms: the Clerk was calling the roll—"Marcus Morton." "Yes," responded the ex-Governor, clearly, but rather feebly, near the chair. "Marcus Morton, Jun.," called the clerk. "No," was the vigorous response of the member from Andover, from the centre of the hall.

During the session of a county court in the interior a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amidst the laughter of the court, "No, Sir, I'se not married."

Mr. Pepper's house was on fire. A large crowd was soon on the spot, when one of them remarked, "We've *muster'd* enough to save *Pepper*." So it proved.

The wife of Dr. Bentham was a woman of disposition congenial with that of her husband. She asked a person who applied for the place of a footman in her family "if he could whistle?" "Why is *that* necessary?" said the man. "Because," said the lady, "I expect my footman to whistle all the time he is in the cellar, to be certain that he is not drinking while he is there."

A St. Louis friend writes: "One of our newsboys was crying his papers in the street the other day, and meeting a man, said, "Have a paper, Sir?" "No!" said the man, laughingly, "I can't read!" "Well, I didn't think you could," said the boy; "thought maybe might want to look at the picters! Here's *Harper's Weekly*."

A gentleman presented a lace collar to his wife, and in a jocular way said, "Do not let any one else rumple it!" "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

"I took you, deceiver, 'for better for worse,'
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter;
While your *worse* part has daily grown *worse* and still worse,
I have not discovered your *better*."

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

"I have lived to know," says Adam Clarke, "that the greatest secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate."

A gentleman wrote as follows to a female relative:
"How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?"
To which she replied:
"My worthy coz, it can not B,
U can not come till after T."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah, would to Heaven," says graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too!"

Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

Turn a deaf ear to tale bearers, and turn them neck and crop out of your company at the same time.

NONSENSE.—Sense that differs from your own.

What is the lightest ship that man ever embarked in? Courtship.

The man who carried out his moral resolutions did not bring them back again.

A young merchant's clerk, whose good conduct had fallen into disuse through his patronage of *spirits*, was lately engaged in one of his idle hours by a former employer to take a check to a bank. Being asked by the teller how he would have it, he replied instantly, "Cold, if you please, and without sugar."

An old gentleman in the city, who was remarkable for his prosing powers, had got into a habit of talking continually of his "gray pony;" say what you would, do what you would, in came the gray pony. A gentleman who prided himself on his conversational powers, one day made a wager that he would converse with the old fellow without allowing him an opportunity of "mounting his gray pony," or even introducing him. One day he met him at a tavern, and observing him at dinner, said, "That's a very fine piece of salmon you've got there." "Yes, Sir," said the octogenarian, "it's pretty good; but whenever I wish to enjoy salmon in perfection I mount my little gray pony, and—" "Hang your little gray pony!" said the other; "he has cost me a dozen of wine and a supper of oysters for six."

A lady advertises in the *Herald* that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."

THE WITNESSES DEAD.—A gentleman once boasted that he had drunk two, three, or four bottles of wine every day for fifty years, and was as hearty as ever. "Pray," remarked a by-stander, "where are your boon companions?" "Ah!" said he, "that's another affair; if the truth may be told, I have buried three entire generations of them."

Human affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being. They catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!

The reason Æneas carried his father with such ease was because he had *Troy* weight upon his back instead of avoirdupois.

Louis XVI. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your Majesty," said the Count, "if it is spoken in Irish!"

"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid; "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap an ower true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey; "I know'd it at the time."

A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advances at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas, the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her wits at her fingers' ends.

A lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick—who was always a little fellow—robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple-tree—for I was always a heavy boy—the bough broke with me, and it was called judgment. I suppose that is why Justice is represented with a pair of scales!"

Be not ashamed of a humble parentage or a humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowments, lest you should thereby reproach the King of kings; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents. Be always ashamed of vice. A wicked man can not be truly brave or noble.

Let the windows of thy soul, like the windows of a house, not disclose every thing *within;* but at the same time admit notices of every thing from *without.—John Foster.*

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March* 8, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the week have been more active for Flour, which has been in good demand chiefly for home use, closing at advancing prices. Wheat has been scarce, and held above the views of buyers. Hence the light sales effected, mostly to millers. Corn was freely purchased at rising prices. Toward the close it was less sought after, and prices tended downward....Cotton has attracted less attention, and, with more eagerness manifested to realize, prices have declined....Sugars, Molasses, and Rice were pretty brisk, and held with more firmness, while Coffee and Teas exhibited less activity and less buoyancy....Provisions were in fair request, and prices closed with an upward tendency....The movements in Hides, Leather, and Naval Stores were more extensive, and sellers had any existing advantage....The market for desirable styles of Domestic and Foreign Dry Goods, especially of standard fabrics, is now pretty brisk, and with the moderate supplies available, prices are acquiring more firmness and buoyancy. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,187,879 against $1,278,546 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $9,612,225 against $24,171,633 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations ....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 30	@	$4 65
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 45	@	4 75
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 50	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 40	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 35	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 80	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 18	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel................	1 00	@	1 25
New Crop Corn, per bushel............	66	@	69
Rye, per bushel......................	69	@	71
Barley, per bushel...................	65	@	76
Western Oats, per bushel.............	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel...............	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	34	@	38
Southern Oats, per bushel............	27	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	11¾	@	12¼
Mess Pork, per barrel................	16 85	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	13 10	@	13 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	6 75	@	8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	21 00	@	25 00
Beef Hams, per barrel................	17 50	@	19 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound......................	9¾	@	10¼
State Butter, per pound..............	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound............	13	@	19
Cheese, per pound....................	8	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	3 00	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound................	4½	@	6¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	20	@	26½
New Orleans Sugar, per pound.........	5	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon.....	29	@	32
Hyson Teas, per pound................	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	28	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..........	—	@	22½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds.............	50	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	4	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds...	3 75	@	3 87½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon.......	47	@	—
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds.........	1 52½	@	1 55

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about March 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	742	1,936
Coffee, packages	101,488	50,977
Cotton, bales	86,352	23,803
Hemp, tons	50	550
Hemp, bales	13,454	29,391
Hides, number	58,568	260,584
Leather, Sole, sides	19,400	273,600
Molasses, hogsheads	6,731	2,609
Molasses, barrels	2,928	4,308
Pork, barrels	15,068	14,879
Beef, tierces and barrels	19,560	23,235
Rice, tierces	6,692	11,028
Rice, bags	2,700	3,578
Sugars, hogsheads	12,092	18,121
Sugars, boxes	25,620	3,750
Sugars, bags	none.	1,634
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	4,905	3,980
Tobacco, Crude, bales	none.	5,328
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	30,142	32,302
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	6,000	2,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	8,000	6,000

Freights were dull and heavy. For Liverpool, Cotton, 1-8d. @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 583.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were less abundant and were in fair demand....Milch Cows were plentier, and were in slack request and unchanged rates....Veal Calves were in better supply and were more sought after at rather higher quotations....Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered, yet, with a good inquiry, prices were supported.... Swine attracted rather less attention, and closed heavily ....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Feb.* 24.	Week ending *March* 3.
Beeves	2,657	2,582
Milch Cows	114	209
Veal Calves	393	448
Sheep and Lambs	5,314	7,376

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	712	Texas	46
New York	455	Kentucky	31
Ohio	431	Michigan	18
Indiana	108	New Jersey	15

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound...	$ 8	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	6 50
" " per pound	8	@	11
Live Swine, per pound	3½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets continue to be somewhat sparingly supplied with the leading kinds of farm, garden, and dairy produce. The demand is good, and prices favor sellers. The current receipts of Poultry and game are heavier, and, with a moderate inquiry, buyers have any existing advantage.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@	$6 00
Apples, dried, per pound	6	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 50	@	2 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	12 00
Potatoes, per barrel	2 25	@	4 00
" per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	62
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	—
Cabbages, per 100	5 00	@	6 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 12	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 12½	@	1 37½
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	—
Celery, per dozen	1 00	@	1 25
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	8	@	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14½	@	15
Chickens, per pound	12	@	14
Fowls, per pound	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	16	@	20
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	15
Geese, per pound	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair	75	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen	3 50	@	4 00
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each	37	@	50
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	8	@	13

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March* 8, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Mar. 6, 1858	$2,557,939....	$811,944
Corresponding week, 1857	2,719,451....	1,539,747
Decrease this year......	$161,512....	$727,803

The export of specie fell short of $300,000; so that, in all probability, the banks will show this evening but little less than thirty-three millions of specie. Money continues to be more than abundant; it is very difficult to place any considerable amounts at any thing like the legal rate. Foreign Exchange continues to rule below the specie shipping point.

The advices from Europe by the *Europa* are highly satisfactory. Though the Bank of England had not reduced the rate of interest, its stock of specie had increased near a million sterling, and money was freely obtained out of doors at 2¼ @ 2½. Speculation in Domestic and Foreign Securities had set in with considerable vivacity. American bonds and stocks were much inquired for at advanced rates. The money brokers seem to anticipate quite a decided expansion.

In this market, stocks have been active, though the closing prices on Saturday were hardly as high as those of the previous Monday. On Wednesday a slight reaction set in, which lasted throughout the week. The prevailing opinion is, however, that nothing can arrest the upward tendencies of the market.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LECTURES IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE,
AT
THE SPINGLER INSTITUTE,
UNION SQUARE.

A COURSE OF FOUR LECTURES
WILL BE DELIVERED ON THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M., BY
PROF. ELIE CHARLIER,
Director of the French Institute for Young Gentlemen,
No. 48 East Twenty-fourth Street.

SUBJECTS:
MARCH 18TH, . . . MAD'E DE STAEL.
" 25TH, . . . CHATEAUBRIAND.
APRIL 1ST, ... MAD'E EMILE DE GIRARDIN.
" 8TH, ... BERANGER.

Course Tickets, $1 50; Single Tickets, 50 cents.
To be had at Lockwood's, 411 Broadway, and at Christern's, 763 Broadway.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR SALE,
IN ANY QUANTITY,
AT
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

PLEASURE VOYAGE.
By Steamer ERICSSON.
A. B. LOWBER, Commander.
The ERICSSON will leave NEW YORK on SATURDAY, May 1st, at 2 o'clock P.M. on the above voyage, stopping a given number of days at GIBRALTAR, MALTA, ALEXANDRIA, JAFFA (for JERUSALEM), CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, and NAPLES.
No Berths secured till paid for.
Full Steamer Fare for the Voyage $750.
For further particulars apply to
DUNHAM & CO.,
13 William Street, New York.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.
20th THOUSAND.

A fresh Delivery of Dr. Livingstone's Africa is now ready, and the work may be obtained of the Booksellers generally throughout the United States and Canada; or

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send it by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Three Dollars.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loando on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. Two Maps by ARROWSMITH, a Portrait on Steel, and Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

CAUTION!
Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS *take this opportunity of cautioning the Public against several spurious publications, which, by artful advertisements, are made to appear as though emanating from Dr. Livingstone. They are authorized to say that Dr. Livingstone repudiates them entirely, and wishes it to be generally known that the present work is the*
ONLY AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF HIS ADVENTURES AND TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO'S
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.

☞ WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXHIBIT this newly-invented and valuable instrument, and would respectfully solicit a call from all persons in want of a Sewing Machine whose qualities have only to be tried to be duly appreciated.
We have opened commodious rooms at 469 BROADWAY, for the sale of these Machines, and all interested are respectfully invited to examine and decide upon their merits for themselves.
HUNT, WEBSTER & CO.,
No. 469 Broadway, New York,
Cor. Essex & Lincoln Streets, Boston,
No. 820 Chestnut Street, Phila.

VOL. I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY,
handsomely bound in
CLOTH EXTRA,
is now ready.
Price $3 50.
N.B. This Volume can not be sent by Mail on account of its weight. It will be sent by Express, if so desired, freight to be paid by the Purchaser.

BRODIE'S
SPRING MANTILLAS.
A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF HOME-MADE
SILK AND OTHER MANTLES.
ALSO,
HIS USUAL LARGE STOCK OF LACE STYLES,
BOTH IN
FRENCH AND SCOTCH GOODS.
OLD 51 (NEW No. 300) CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK.

RICH CLOTH COVERS
FOR
VOLUME I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY
ARE NOW READY.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.
The Trade and Bookbinders will be supplied at
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

THE POLYLINGUAL JOURNAL.—A new Magazine in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English, affords great facilities for learning these languages. Terms $2 a year. Address HIRAM G. SPARKS, Editor, 335 Broadway, New York.

THE FIRST VOLUME
OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY,
Handsomely bound in Cloth and Half Morocco, may be had of the following Booksellers:
IN BOSTON.
A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
JOHN J. DYER & CO.,
FEDERHEN & CO.
IN PHILADELPHIA.
A. WINCH,
W. B. ZIEBER.
IN PITTSBURGH.
HUNT & MINER.
IN NEW ORLEANS.
J. C. MORGAN,
B. M. NORMAN.
GEO. ELLIS.
IN ST. LOUIS.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD,
E. K. WOODWARD.
IN CINCINNATI.
H. W. DERBY,
And of Booksellers generally throughout the United States and Canada.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
☞ Is the name of a new and much admired compound for dressing the Hair. It contains a large proportion of the famous *Cocoa-nut Oil* deodorized. A single application renders the Hair (no matter how stiff and hard) soft and glossy for several days. It also promotes a healthy growth and prevents it from falling off. For sale by all druggists.

ANOTHER GREAT TRAVEL BOOK.
UNIFORM WITH LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.
ATKINSON'S SIBERIA.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Khirgis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. With a Map and Numerous Spirited Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

"Mr. T. W. Atkinson, an artist of extraordinary merit, in pursuit of the picturesque, has ventured into regions where, probably, no European foot, save his, has ever trodden. Mr. Atkinson's travels embrace Oriental and Western Siberia, Mongolia, Daouria, the Khirgis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and portions of Central Asia, and occupied him for the space of seven years—time which he has turned to admirable account. It argues no slight devotion to Art to have undertaken the task of giving to civilized Europe a transcript of what is at once most beautiful and most wonderful in nature, in countries so remote, so difficult of access, and, in many instances, so dangerous to the traveler. The public may really feel grateful to Mr. Atkinson for thus widely extending our knowledge of this hitherto unknown, but most interesting part of the globe."

Mr. Atkinson's sketches were made by express permission of the late Emperor of Russia during seven years' hunting, sketching, and traveling in the plains and mountains of Oriental and Western Siberia, Mongolia, the Khirgis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Central Asia. Perhaps no English artist was ever before admitted into this enchanted land of history, or provided with the talisman and amulet of a general passport; and well has Mr. Atkinson availed himself of the privilege. Mr. Atkinson's encampments lead us away into forests, gorges of mountains, where the thunder shakes the ground and the lightning strikes, like God's sword-blade, among the trees—where the Tartars cower in their felt hut, and the tea-drinkers, grow silent round the red logs. Rivers to swim, torrents to pass, became trifles to this adventurous traveler, who has brought us records of places never, perhaps, before visited; for no Englishman has been there—no Russian traveler has written of them.—*London Athenæum.*

To the geographer, the geologist, the ethnographer, the sportsman, and to those who read only for amusement, this will be an acceptable volume. Mr. Atkinson is not only an adventurous traveler, but a correct and an amusing writer.—*London Literary Gazette.*

It is a valuable addition to the literature of travel, and a famous contribution also to the list of show books. Mr. Atkinson's book is most readable. The geographer finds in it notice of ground heretofore left undescribed—the ethnologist, geologist, and botanist find notes, and pictures, too, of which they know the value—the sportsman's taste is gratified by chronicles of sport—the lover of adventure will find a number of perils and escapes to hang over, and the lover of a frank, good-humored way of speech will find the book a pleasant one in every page. Seven years of wandering, thirty-nine thousand five hundred miles of moving to and fro in a wild and almost unknown country should yield a book worth reading, and they do.—*London Examiner.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid to any part of the United States, on receipt of Three Dollars.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—It acts with extraordinary potency upon the fluids of the body, cleansing them from all deleterious particles, and as a restorative, disinfectant, and gentle aperient combined, it is unequaled.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

FUN!!!
HARPER'S COMICALITIES.
SELECTED FROM DRAWINGS BY
LEECH, DOYLE, AND OTHERS.
CONTAINING
THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.
FIRST SERIES.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
For Sale by all Booksellers and Periodical Dealers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets—received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

BULWER'S BRILLIANT ROMANCE, entitled "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" pronounced to be the masterpiece of this polished, witty, and learned novelist, by special arrangement with the Author, appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY simultaneously with its publication in England.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I. of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50, is now ready.

Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY," when taken together, are supplied at FOUR DOLLARS a year.

Numbers from the commencement of both the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY can still be supplied. Specimen copies furnished gratuitously. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club rates.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY" must be paid at the Office *where they are received.* When prepaid quarterly in advance, the Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents a year* on the WEEKLY.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to their Subscription, *Thirty-six Cents* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents* on the WEEKLY, for the American postage.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.